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LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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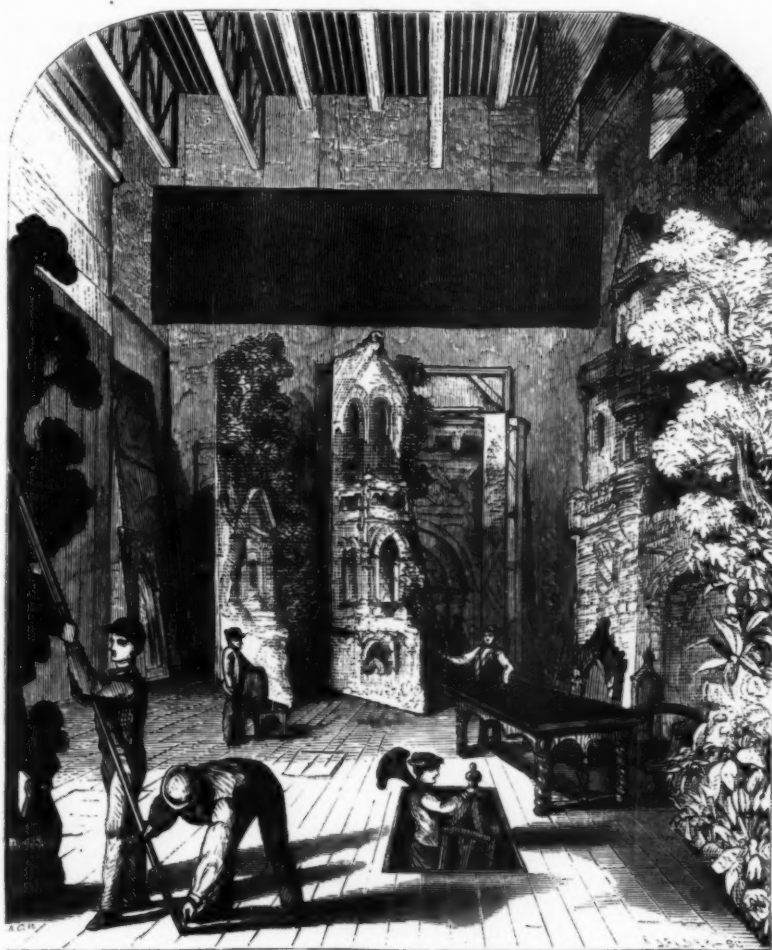
BEHIND, BELOW, AND ABOVE THE SCENES.

WE are nearly all familiar with the stage as it appears in front of the foot-lights, but there are but few of us who have entered into the strange mysteries that live behind the painted canvas. It is, moreover, common to suppose that a glimpse at the machinery of the

stage will dispel all its charming illusions — that fairy-land, seen too near, will only have a rude, rough, distasteful aspect, which will extinguish our love for its ideal beauty forever. But we greatly doubt if this is really so. Some things "behind the scenes" no doubt would prove disenchanting to the unsophisticated observer, but in reality there is a greater world of mystery on the other side of the foot-lights than is ordinarily supposed. We are all of us prone to accept the scenic effects of the stage as mere matters of course, and are indifferent to the various forces that are set to work to produce them. A visit behind the scenes, hence, would be apt with most persons to strengthen their interest in the scenic illusions of the stage, and

to enlarge their appreciation of an art so little understood. As Mr. Booth, in his splendid new theatre in this city, has brought stage-art almost to perfection, and has availed himself of the latest inventions and devices in producing scenic effects, we purpose carrying the reader on

a pictorial tour around and among the complicated machinery — premising that our artist has done his best to illustrate all the mysteries of this strange scene, and yet but partially conveys an idea of the elaborate complications necessary to show in rapid succession the castle walls and grand intricacies for "Hamlet," or the heaths, banquet-scenes, caverns and their mystic incidents, and the stir of battle-scenes, for "Macbeth." But let the reader imagine himself with us on a tour of inspection — recollecting that he is not this time to see how Hamlet appears at his ease in his dressing-room, or how Ophelia chats gayly with the grave-digger in the green-room, or how the queen smiles upon the ghost, or how the king smokes his pipe

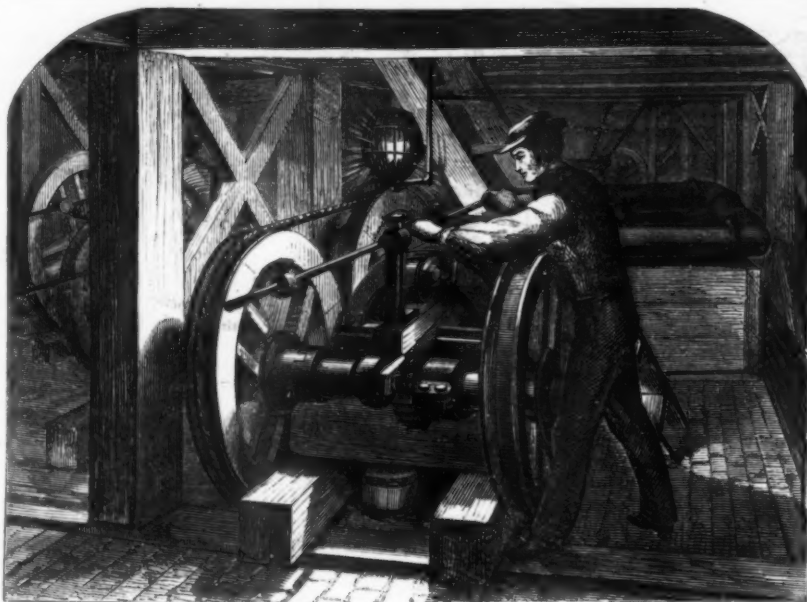


THE STAGE—SETTING THE SCENES.

and roars at a new jest by Horatio; he is to see only the dumb forces that set the stage, that lift castles and "Birnam woods" from the depths below, that drop pendant boughs and blue firmaments from above; that, at a word, summon the strange and insubstantial pageants, and at a word dissolve them into air.

But, in order that we may understand our lesson, it is well to begin at the beginning. Mr. Booth's mystic realms, let us say, delve so deeply into the earth beneath, and reach so loftily into the spaces above, that we must save breath and strength by proceeding with due method from what is below to what is above.

Our artist, however, shows us first in order the stage proper, with numerous carpenters busy setting the side-scenes. But, firm to our purpose of proceeding in due order, let us resolutely turn from this picture for the present, and descend beneath the stage. We need not vanish through the traps; there are prosaic stairs that will accommodate us. We are first led, not beneath the stage at all, but to the spacious excavations under the sidewalks, where we find the carpenters' shop and a great array of timber, and, to our surprise, large boilers, and an engine pursuing its noiseless task. This engine in the daytime, we are informed, gives motive power to the machinery in the carpenters' busy quarter, elevates the Croton to the huge water-tanks at the top of the building by which the hydraulic rams, hereafter to be mentioned, are worked, and at night sets a huge fan in motion under the auditorium, which in

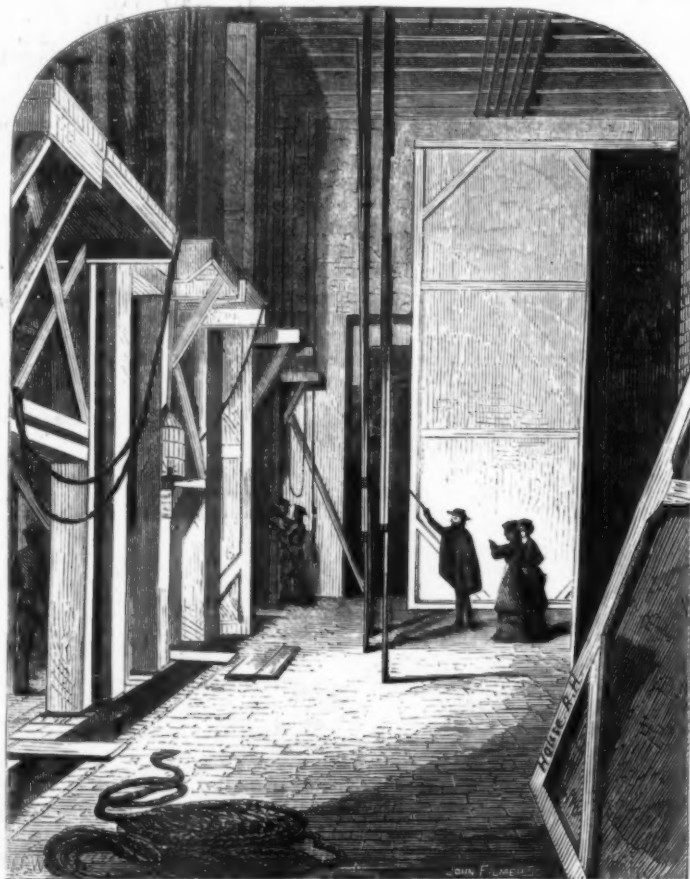


HYDRAULIC RAMS FOR LOWERING AND ELEVATING THE SCENES

summer-time fills the theatre with cool, and in the winter with warm air. We may note that the rise of each seat in parquet and circle is pierced with numerous circular holes, through which constant ventilation is secured for every rapt listener above. It is dark and sombre here in this strange, cavernous cellar, and the crowd that we hear above bustling into their seats adds to the singularity of the sensation. But let us proceed. Descending numerous

steps, we emerge beneath the stage, and come upon the scene depicted in our third illustration. The great hydraulic rams in the second picture lie beneath this spot; they act as the power that thrusts up and lets down the scenes.

Usually in theatres the scenes are principally on the stage, set in grooves, and run in by hand from the sides to meet in a common centre. In some instances scenes are hung on large rollers, and let down or wound up by ropes adjusted for the purpose. But at Booth's Theatre is the first instance we have of scenes worked altogether by machinery, which are lifted from below, by means so carefully and accurately adjusted that the scene almost noiselessly, and with perfect precision, glides upward into its place. This is effected by hydraulic rams—of which our artist illustrates one, but there is a long, formidable row of them. To the auditor, comfortably seated in the theatre, the scene rises like magic, often transporting him with its beauty; but to the visitor, thirty feet below the surface of the stage, the transformation above is a



BENEATH THE STAGE—TRAPS AND PLATFORMS.

sort of pandemonium below—huge pistons move, wheels revolve, there is a rush and stir of waters, and the thing is done. Leaving the hydraulic rams—which are a mighty, dismal, and demoniacal sort of powers, hidden away in their subterranean caverns—we may pause a moment to note the great congress of towers and churches, forests and cathedrals, cottages and bowers, gardens and cataracts, rocks and roads, palaces and chapels, pavilions and ruins, inns and temples, taverns and grottos, that remain waiting for piston and wheel and water to send them up for the admiration of eager spectators. All these scenes, the extreme ends of which can be seen in the picture, are gathered directly under the stage, and only wait their turn; but this pile against the wall is the reserve of pictorial wonders, that either adorned the last or will illustrate the coming play. We also note, in this illustration, a series of platforms; these are under the traps on the stage, from which mounts the ghostly or other visitor, or upon which descend the disappearing genii. These platforms, called bridges, are lifted and moved by the rams.

We may now ascend to the level of the stage. There is no confusion behind the scenes on the stage, but that which the carpenters make. To you, sitting in the boxes when the curtain is up, the actors are all; but, when the curtain is down, your kings and queens, and princes and warriors, your heroes and heroines, slink off ignominiously into corners, while a set of robust plebeians, in working-attire, become masters of the place. When the curtain comes down on a hovel, and the next act must show you a palace, there is in a minute a hundred things to do. No sooner does the canvas glide between stage and auditors, than an army of busy workers—rough genii in shirt-sleeves, who with almost magical swiftness transform squalor into splendor, or transport you from Occident to Orient—are busily running hither and thither, like a disturbed hill of ants, summoning from subterranean depths below, giddy heights above, and mystic receptacles you know not where, the materials for the new mansion that is to be built and furnished and adorned with almost the rapidity of thought.

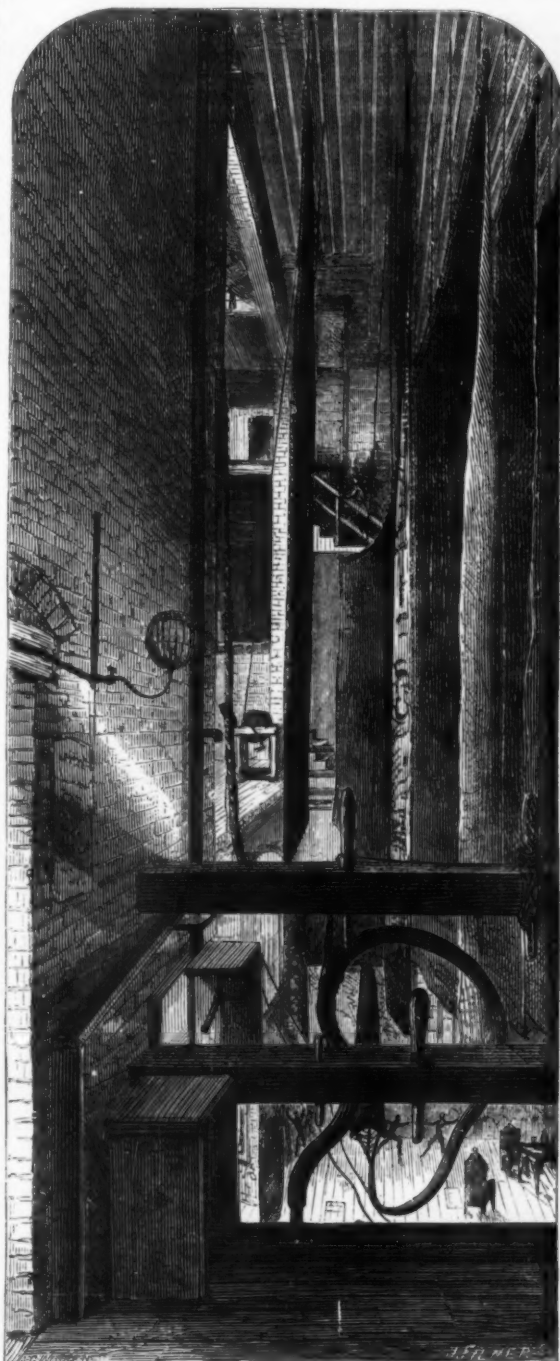
The visitor at Booth's has doubtless noted that the stage is not dressed after the old style. The side-wings, that in other theatres stand at right angles to the spectator, are abolished, and instead there is an arrangement by which the scene apparently extends to the right and the left, as well as to the rear. When seated at the side of the theatre, you do not look between the wings, but your vision is confronted, if the scene is a room, by enclosed walls; if an exterior, by rocks, or trees, or plains, that recede, and carry the eye off into imaginary space. There is a greater suggestion of extent and largeness on the Booth stage than on others much more extensive.

Mr. Booth's artists, moreover, understand that it is an error to attempt to erect an entire cathedral or a palace within the narrow confines of a stage, but that, by painting *parts* of a structure, and letting them lead off into undefined limits, the imagination immediately supplies space and extent. All the scenes at Booth's Theatre are so set that the eye wanders off into suggestions of space; if it is a forest, a tangling of boughs blends above, and at either side the wooded depths seem to recede away. What suggestions, for instance, of noble space were manifest in the arrangement of the grave-yard scene in "Hamlet" as produced at this theatre last winter! The art of the scenic artist made his "pent-up Utica" almost boundless. The eye wandered off to the church and amid the distant trees, until we seemed indeed to be looking upon a veritable scene rather than the seeming of one. The side-wings at this theatre are arranged at oblique instead of at right angles, forming to every side-view as perfect a picture as can be afforded directly in front of the foot-lights. These wings are not run in on grooves, as in other theatres, with slides above to support them, but are held in place by long braces, which we see men busily placing in our first illustration.

Now let us leave the level of the stage and ascend. We wind up a circular stairway that seems almost endless, and arrive at what is called the "fly-gallery." This is depicted in our sixth illustration. The long, narrow scene, forming the fourth in our series, represents also the fly-gallery, but on the opposite side. We here see the flies—the top scenes that are let down from above, to meet and unite with those that are sent up from below. They hang in a long array, and are moved by manual force, aided by countless ropes and pulleys—a very wilderness of ropes, as one may see by looking at the engraving (number six). At this point we are sixty-five feet above the level of the stage, and ninety-five feet above the rams hidden darkly away in the depths far below the stage. In this fly-gallery—we are now standing

in the one depicted in cut number four—we may look down through a narrow opening upon the stage, where the actors are dwindled into pigmies, whose voices come up uncertain and confused. It is a little odd to watch a play—what one can see of it—from this "point of vantage," but it is hardly worth while to point out the peculiar advantages of a chance seat in this private gallery, as we fear the larger number of our readers will not be able to test them.

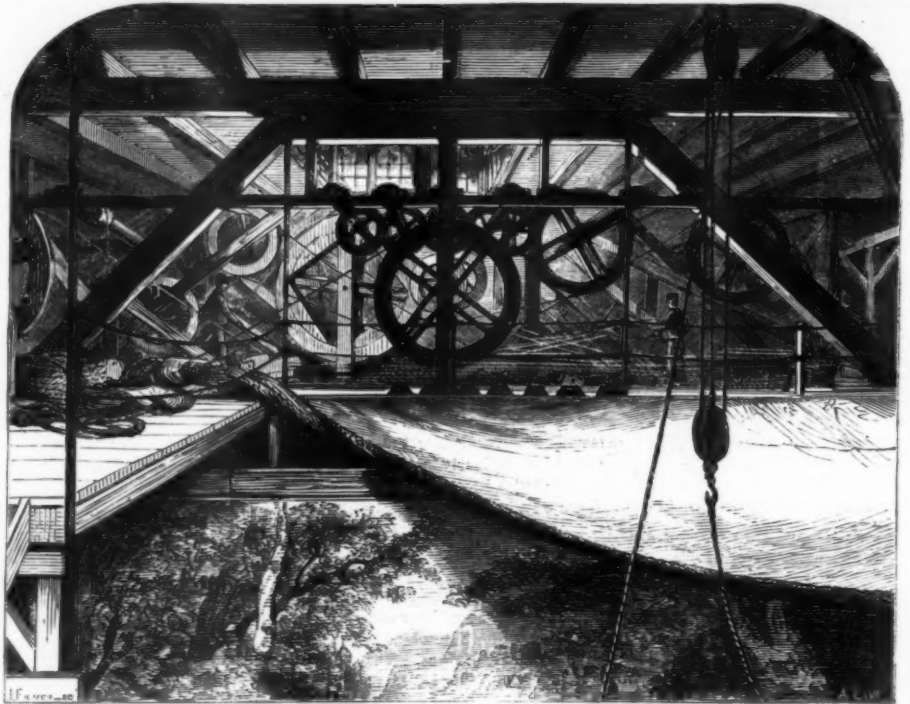
Above the fly-galleries, and crowning all, is the great, gloomy, spacious "rigging-loft." This is directly under the roof, and above the pendant flies. The point of view from which our artist has sketched



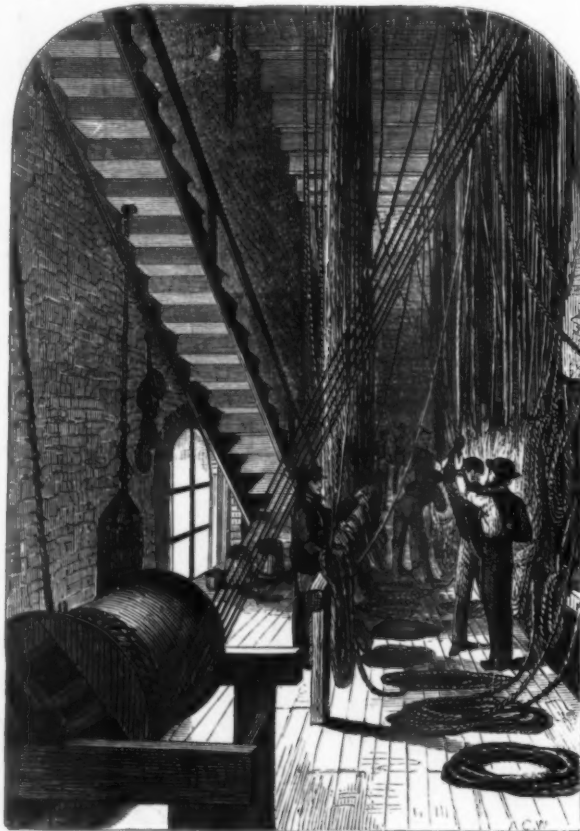
FLY-GALLERY.

this illustration needs to be described in order to make it comprehensible. The view is from the loft over the auditorium, between that painted and gilded ceiling the reader has probably often admired, and the roof of the building. It shows the machinery by which the flies are raised and lowered, and also exhibits the top of the "act-drop"—the painted curtain let down between each of the acts—which is now lifted above but of sight of the audience. The curtains at this theatre are not rolled up, but are *lifted*, retaining their exact perpendicular, and hanging suspended above the stage when out of use.

We are now higher even than the "gods" of the gallery; and the gallery at Booth's always seems as if ambitious to top "high Olympus." When the reader is in a vagrant



RIGGING LOFTS—ALSO SHOWING UPPER PORTION OF ACT-DROP.



WORKING FLY-GALLERY.

humor, let him go up into the gallery, ascend to the topmost of its steep row of benches, and look down the dizzy height to the stage below, looking like a mimic theatre, with puppets for actors. But here in this loft one may take a novel view of the scene. Where the giant chandelier hangs from the ceiling there are openings through which one may peer, down through the interstices of pendant glass, and glittering gas-jets, upon the innocent heads of the multitude. If the view of the stage from the far-up fly-gallery was a little odd, this glimpse of the auditorium from the dizzy crown of the chandelier is sensational. One fancies what sort of flight he would make cutting through the air, and dashed upon the array of carved seats below. One might pause here and paraphrase the Shakespearean lines upon Dover Cliff. These great heights have certainly a singular hold upon the fancy; and the writer will always, when thinking of Booth's, imagine himself perched there above the high chandelier, peering down that dreadful distance upon the unconscious spectators.

Up through these open spaces in the ceiling comes a swift rush of air—a miniature gale, in fact. The reader will recollect our description of the great fan down in the cellar under the auditorium, ceaselessly sending its currents of air up through little carved interstices under the seats. Well, here these upward-flowing currents concentrate, and come like a little tornado, rushing through the net-work in the ceiling, to be carried off through the open skylight in the roof.

In our ascent to this altitude we have passed three or four scenes illustrated by our artist. One is the scene-painter's room. This is situated on the right side of the stage, as you face it, in a portion of the building formed by an L. It is admirably arranged for its purpose, the scenes being adjusted against the walls, and movable up and down at the painter's will, through openings in the floor. The painter does not mount on ladders to his work, as is usually the case, but his canvas is lifted or lowered to the level of his brush. This painting-room, like all other parts of the theatre, is new in design and arrangement, and most convenient to the workers. One lingers here a little loath to depart, for it is in this spot all the splendid conceptions are worked out which in the illusive scene so charm the eye and refresh the imagination. As the stage advances, the scene-painter's art gains more and more a place, sometimes even supplanting the actor.

At Booth's Theatre, it is made the happy aid to the actor's personations, not dividing the attention of the spectator, but supplementing and completing the illusion. And what magic the scene-painter's pencil conjures up! what scenes of beauty, earthly and unearthly! In the very first number of this JOURNAL, in referring to the pictorial art of the stage, we said: "Art upon the stage not only reaches larger numbers than is possible otherwise, but its effects are broader, its illusions more perfect, and its impressions more stimulating. It is far more real. It is capable of grander and sublimer effects. It is more satisfying to the imagination. It is more nearly the thing depicted. We speak, of course, of this art in its better and more successful expression. We mean such pictures as were exhibited last year in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' at the Olympic;

in a recent scene called the 'Lilacs' at Niblo's; in a few scenes in the French opera; and in several scenes now presented at Wallack's Theatre, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and at Booth's new beautiful dramatic temple, in 'Romeo and Juliet.' These are all artistically beautiful, and prove that, while scene-painting has often been low, coarse, false, and hurtful, it is capable of being employed in a higher and purer spirit. In these instances quoted, the stage scenes have nearly the same effect upon the imagination, only more vivid, that a landscape by one of our painters has. Not so completely refined,



SCENE-PAINTERS' ROOM.

ing, of course; not so pure in taste; not so simple, symmetrical, and chaste; with more or less thought, no doubt, to dazzle the unthinking—and yet with a largeness, a triumph of perspective, a completeness in proportion and fullness, that render them the most powerful form of pictorial expression."

There are two other pictures from the pencil of our artist, which we have not yet mentioned; but they seem to tell their own story without the aid of a chorus. The "property room" gathers within its fold a marvellous curiosity-shop: helmets and tiaras, mitres and swords, crowns and masks, gyves and chains; furniture of the past and of to-day, "check by jowl;" griffins and globes, biers and beer-cups, coffins and thrones; decorations for the garden, the boudoir, the palace; furniture for the *salon* or the hovel—a multitude of

things, in fact, more numerous than can readily be catalogued. The "armory," if not a collection of such strange things, is interesting, and looks as if we were wandering through some ancient tower or castle rather than "behind the scenes" at a theatre.

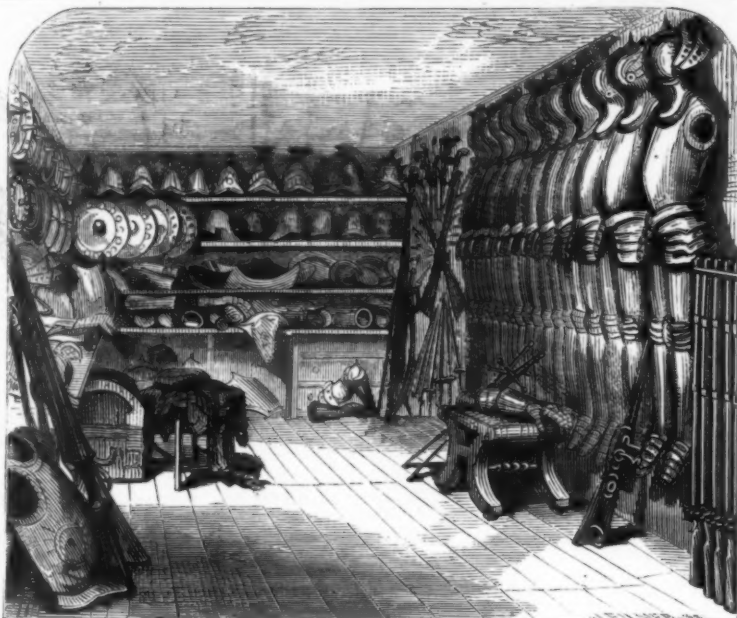
Our artist has not illustrated the wardrobe-room, because the pencil could not readily tell its story; one must imagine the almost endless gathering of costumes—of the robes for kings, rags for beggars, togas for the Roman, and comicallities for the Yankee. The "green-room" is also left to the imagination of the reader.



PROPERTY-ROOM.

This place, identified with so many great names, so connected with the wits, the great actors, the poets, and the dramatists in English theatrical history, is simply the assembly-room, where the performers meet when ready for the stage. It is curious, often, in its collection of costumes seen somewhat too near, and it is frequently amusing as a gathering of bright and witty spirits; but these conditions were a little beyond our artist's skill to reproduce.

We know the names of the actors to whom we are indebted for our pleasure at the theatre; but these artists of the scene, quite as essential often to our gratification, are rarely heard of beyond their own little world. Let us do something toward amending this injustice. Although all under Mr. Booth's supervising and suggesting taste, and that of his stage-manager, Mr. Waller, we must give large credit for all the complete features of this theatre to Mr. J. L. Peake, whose inventive talent constructed the machinery; to Mr. Withan, whose skillful pencil gives us pictures of such rare beauty; to Mr. Deuel, whose taste and research provide all those many accessories of furniture and properties, so often necessary to give illusion to the scene; to Mr. Joyce, who reproduces with historical accuracy the costumes of by-gone periods; to Mr. Dunn, the carpenter, without whom the play were naught; and to Mr. Kelsey, engineer, whose care and watchfulness contribute to our safety and comfort.



ARMORY

THE LADY OF THE ICE.*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD,"
"CORD AND CHEESE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—SENSATIONAL!—TERRIFIC!—TREMENDOUS.—I LEAVE THE HOUSE IN A STRANGE WHIRL.—A STORM.—THE DRIVING SLEET.—I WANDER ABOUT.—THE VOICES OF THE STORM, AND OF THE RIVER.—THE CLANGOR OF THE BELLS.—THE SHADOW IN THE DOORWAY.—THE MYSTERIOUS COMPANION.—A TERRIBLE WALK.—FAMILIAR VOICES.—SINKING INTO SENSELESSNESS.—THE LADY OF THE ICE IS REVEALED AT LAST AMID THE STORM!

As I left the house there came a blast of stinging sleet, which showed me that it was a wild night. It was not many days now since that memorable journey on the river; and the storm that was blowing seemed to be the counterpart and continuation of that. It had been overcast when I entered O'Halloran's; when I left it, the storm had gathered up into fury, and the wind howled around, and the furious sleet dashed itself fiercely against me. The street was deserted. None would go out on so wild a night. It was after eleven; half-past, perhaps.

For a moment I turned my back to the sleet, and then drew forth my cloud from my pocket, and bound it about my head. Thus prepared, and thus armed, I was ready to encounter the fiercest sleet that ever blew. I went down the steps, took the sidewalk, and went off.

As I went on, my mind was filled with many thoughts. A duel was before me; but I gave that no consideration. The storm howled about and shrieked between the houses; but the storm was nothing. There was that in my heart and in my brain which made all these things trivial. It was the image of my Lady of the Ice, and the great longing after her, which, for the past few days, had steadily increased. I had found her! I had lost her! Lost and found! Found and lost!

The wrath of the storm had only this one effect on me, that it brought before me with greater vividness the events of that memora-

ble day on the river. Through such a storm we had forced our way. From such pitiless peltings of stinging sleet I had sheltered her fainting, drooping head. This was the hurricane that had howled about her as she lay prostrate, upheld in my arms, which hurled its wrathful showers on her white, upturned face. From this I had saved her, and from worse—from the grinding ice, the falling avalanche, the dark, deep, cold, freezing flood. I had brought her back to life through all these perils, and now—and now!

Now, for that Lady of the Ice, whose image was brought up before me by the tempest and the storm, there arose within me a mighty and irrepressible yearning. She had become identified with Nora, but yet it was not Nora's face and Nora's image that dwelt within my mind. That smiling face, with its sparkling eyes and its witching smile, was another thing, and seemed to belong to another person. It was not Nora herself whom I had loved, but Nora as she stood the representative of my Lady of the Ice. Moreover, I had seen Nora in unfeigned distress; I had seen her wringing her hands and looking at me with piteous entreaty and despair; but even the power of these strong emotions had not given her the face that haunted me. Nora on the ice and Nora at home were so different, that they could not harmonize; nor could the never-to-be-forgotten lineaments of the one be traced in the other. And, could Nora now have been with me in this storm, I doubted whether her face could again assume that marble, statuesque beauty—that immortal sadness and despair, which I had once seen upon it. That face—the true face that I loved—could I ever see it again?

I breasted the storm and walked on I knew not where. At last I found myself on the Esplanade. Beneath lay the river, which could not now be seen through the blackness of the storm and of the night, but which, through that blackness, sent forth a voice from all its waves. And the wind wailed mournfully, mingling its voice with that of the river. So once before had rushing, dashing water joined its uproar to the howl of pitiless winds, when I bore her over the river; only on that occasion there was joined in the horrid chorus the more fearful boom of the breaking ice-fields.

And now the voice of the river only increased and intensified that longing of which I have spoken. I could not go home. I thought of going back again to O'Halloran's house. There was my Lady of the Ice—Nora. I might see her shadow on the window—I might see a light from her room.

Now Nora had not at all come up to my ideal of the Lady of the Ice, and yet there was no other representative. I might be mad in love with an image, a shadow, an idea; but if that image existed any-

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where in real life, it could exist only in Nora. And thus Nora gained from my image an attractiveness, which she never could have had in her own right. It was her identity with that haunting image of loveliness that gave her such a charm. The charm was an imaginary one. Had I never found her on the river and idealized her, she might have gained my admiration; but she would never have thrown over me such a spell. But now, whatever she was in herself, she was so merged in that ideal, that in my longing for my love I turned my steps backward and wandered toward O'Halloran's, with the frantic hope of seeing her shadow on the window, or a ray of light from her room. For I could find no other way than this of satisfying those insatiable longings that had sprung up within me.

So back I went through the storm, which seemed still to increase in fury, and through the sleet, which swept in long horizontal lines down the street, and whirled round the corner, and froze fast to the houses. As I went on, the violence of the storm did not at all weaken my purpose. I had my one idea, and that one idea I was bent on carrying out.

Under such circumstances I approached the house of O'Halloran. I don't know what I expected, or whether I expected any thing or not. I know what I wanted. I wanted the Lady of the Ice, and in search of her I had thus wandered back to that house in which lived the one with whom she had been identified. A vague idea of seeing her shadow on the window still possessed me, and so I kept along on the opposite sidewalk, and looked up to see if there was any light or any shadow.

There was no light at all.

I stood still and gazed.

Was there a shadow? Or what was it? There was something moving there—a dark, dusky shadow, in a niche of the gateway, by the corner of the house—a dark shadow, dimly revealed in this gloom—the shadowy outline of a woman's form.

I do not know what mad idea possessed me. I looked, while my heart beat fast and painfully. A wild idea of the Lady of the Ice coming to me again, amid the storm, to be again my companion through the storm, flashed like lightning through my brain.

Suddenly, wild and clear and clanging, there came the toll of a bell from a neighboring tower, as it began to strike the hour of midnight. For a moment I paused in a sort of superstitious terror, and then, before the third stroke had rung out, I rushed across the street.

The figure had been watching me.

As I came, she started. She hurried forward, and met me at the curb. With a wild rush of joy and exultation, I caught her in my arms. I felt her frame tremble. At length she disengaged herself and caught my arm with a convulsive clasp, and drew me away. Mechanically, and with no fixed idea of any kind, I walked off.

She walked slowly. In that fierce gale, rapid progress was not possible. She, however, was well protected from the blast. A cloud was wrapped around her head, and kept her face from the storm.

We walked on, and I felt my heart throb to suffocation, while my brain reeled with a thousand new and wild fancies. Amid these, something of my late superstition still lingered.

"Who is she?" I wondered; "Who is she? How did she happen to wait for me here? Is it my Lady of the Ice? Am I a haunted man? Will she always thus come to me in the storm, and leave me when the storm is over? Where am I going? Whither is she leading me? Is she taking me back to the dark river from which I saved her?"

Then I struggled against the superstitious fancy, and rallied and tried to think calmly about it.

"Yes. It's Nora," I thought; "it's herself. She loves me. This was the cause of her distress. And that distress has overmastered her. She has been unable to endure my departure. She has been convinced that I would return, and has waited for me."

"Nora! Yes, Nora! Nora! But, Nora! what is this that I am doing? This Nora can never be mine. She belongs to another. She was mine only through my mistake. How can she hope to be mine, or how can I hope to be hers? And why is it that I can dare thus to take her to ruin? Can I have the heart to?"

I paused involuntarily, as the full horror of this idea burst upon me. For, divested of all sentiment, the bald idea that burst upon my whirling brain was simply this, that I was running away with the wife of another man, and that man the very one who had lately given me his hospitality, and called me his friend. And even so whirling a brain as mine then was, could not avoid being penetrated by an idea

that was so shocking to every sentiment of honor, and loyalty, and chivalry, and duty.

But as I paused, my companion forced me on. She had not said a single word. Her head was bent down to meet the storm. She walked like one bent on some desperate purpose, and that purpose was manifestly too strong and too absorbing to be checked by any thing so feeble as my fitful and uncertain irresolution. She walked on like some fate that had gained possession of me. I surrendered to the power that thus held me. I ceased even to think of pausing.

At length we came to where there was a large house with lights streaming from all the windows. It was Colonel Berton's—I knew it well. A ball had been going on, and the guests were departing. Down came the sleighs as they carried off the guests, the jangle of the bells sounding shrilly in the stormy night. Thus far in my wanderings all had been still, and this sudden noise produced a startling effect.

One sleigh was still at the door, and as we approached nearer we could see that none others were there. It was probably waiting for the last guest. At length we reached the house, and were walking immediately under the bright light of the drawing-room windows, when suddenly the door of the house opened, and a familiar voice sounded, speaking in loud, eager, hilarious tones.

At the sound of that voice my companion stopped, and staggered back, and then stood rigid with her head thrust forward.

It was Jack's voice.

"Thanks," he said. "Ha! ha! ha! You're awfully kind, you know. Oh, yes. I'll be here to-morrow night. Good-by. Good-by."

He rushed down the steps. The door closed. He sprang into the sleigh. It started ahead in an opposite direction, and away it went, till the jangle of the bells died out in the distance, amid the storm.

All was still. The street was deserted. The storm had full possession. The lights of the house flashed out upon the snow-drifts, and upon the glittering, frozen sleet.

For a moment my companion stood rooted to the spot. Then snatching her arm from mine, she flung up her hand with a sudden gesture, and tore my cloud down from off my face. The lights from the windows shone upon me, revealing my features to her.

The next instant her arms fell. She staggered back, and with a low moan of heart-broken anguish, she sank down prostrate into the snow.

Now hitherto there had been on my mind a current of superstitious feeling which had animated most of my wild fancies. It had been heightened by the events of my wanderings. The howl of the storm, the voice of the dark river, the clangor of the midnight bell, the shadowy figure at the doorway—all these circumstances had combined to stimulate my imagination and disorder my brain. But now, on my arrival at this house, these feelings had passed away. These signs of commonplace life—the jangling sleigh-bells, the lighted windows, the departing company—had roused me, and brought me to myself. Finally, there came the sound of Jack's voice, hearty, robust, healthy, strong—at the sound of which the dark shadows of my mind were dispelled. And it was at this moment, when all these phantasms had vanished, that my companion fell senseless in the snow at my feet.

I stooped down full of wonder, and full too of pity. I raised her in my arms. I supported her head on my shoulder. The storm beat pitilessly; the stinging sleet pelted my now uncovered face; the lights of the house shone out upon the form of my companion. All the street was deserted. No one in the house saw us. I, for my part, did not think whether I was seen or not. All my thoughts were turned to the one whom I held in my arms.

I took the cloud which was wrapped around her head, and tenderly and delicately drew it down from her face.

Oh, Heavens! what was this that I saw?

The lights flashed out, and revealed it unmistakably. There—then—resting on my shoulder—under my gaze—now fully revealed—there lay the face that had haunted me—the face for which I had longed, and yearned, and craved! There it lay—that never-to-be-forgotten face—with the marble features, the white lips, the closed eyes, the stony calm—there it lay—the face of her whom alone I loved—the Lady of the Ice!

What was this? I felt my old mood returning. Was this real? Was it not a vision? How was it that she came to me again through

the storm, again to sink down, and again to rest her senseless form in my arms, and her head upon my breast?

For a few moments I looked at her in utter bewilderment. All the wild fancies which I had just been having now came back. I had wandered through the storm in search of her, and she had come. Here she was—here, in my arms!

Around us the storm raged as once before; and again, as before, the fierce sleet dashed upon that white face; and again, as before, I shielded it from its fury.

As I looked upon her I could now recognize her fully and plainly; and at that recognition the last vestige of my wild, superstitious feeling died out utterly. For she whom I held in my arms was no phantom, nor was she Nora. I had been in some way intentionally deceived, but all the time my own instinct had been true; for, now, when the Lady of the Ice again lay in my arms, I recognized her, and I saw that she was no other than *Marion*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MY LADY OF THE ICE.—SNOW AND SLEET.—REAWAKENING.—A DESPERATE SITUATION.—SAVED A SECOND TIME.—SNATCHED FROM A WORSE FATE.—BORNE IN MY ARMS ONCE MORE.—THE OPEN DOOR.

So there she lay before me—the Lady of the Ice, discovered at last, and identified with Marion. And she lay there reclining on my arms as once before, and in the snow, with the pitiless blast beating upon her. And the first question that arose was, "What can I do?"

Ay—that was the question. What could I do?

I leave to the reader to try and imagine the unparalleled embarrassment of such a situation. For there was I, in an agony of eagerness to save her—to do something—and yet it was simply impossible to think of any one place to which I could take her.

Could I take her into Colonel Berton's? That was my first impulse. The lights from his windows were flashing brightly out into the gloom close beside us. But how could I take her there? With what story? Or if I trumped up some story—which I easily could do—would she not betray herself by her own incoherencies as she recovered from her faint? No, not Colonel Berton's. Where, then? Could I take her anywhere? To a hotel? No. To any friends? Certainly not. To her own home?—But she had fled, and it was locked against her. Where—where could I take her?

For I had to do something. I could not let her lie here—she would perish. I had to take her somewhere, and yet save her from that ruin and shame to which her rashness and Jack's perfidy had exposed her. Too plain it all seemed now. Jack had urged her to fly—beyond a doubt—she had consented, and he had not come for her.

I raised her up in my arms, and carried her on. Once before I had thus carried her in my arms—thus, as I saved her from death; and now as I thus bore her, I felt that I was trying to save her from a fate far worse—from scandal, from evil speaking—from a dishonored name—from a father's curse. And could I but save her from this—could I but bear her a second time from this darker fate back to light, and life, and safety; then I felt assured that my Lady of the Ice could not so soon forget this second service.

I raised her up and carried her thus I knew not where. There was not a soul in the streets. The lamps gave but a feeble light in the wild storm. The beating of the sleet and the howling of the tempest increased at every step. My lady was senseless in my arms. I did not know where I was going, nor where I could go; but breasted the storm, and shielded my burden from it as well as I could; and so toiled on, in utter bewilderment and desperation.

Now I beg leave to ask the reader if this situation of mine was not as embarrassing a one as any that he ever heard of. For I thus found forced upon me the safety, the honor, and the life of the very Lady of the Ice for whom I had already risked my life—whose life I had already saved; and about whom I had been raving ever since. But now that she had thus been thrown upon me, with her life, and her honor, it was an utterly impossible thing to see how I could extricate her from this frightful difficulty; though so fervent was my longing to do this, that, if my life could have done it, I would have laid it down for her on the spot.

At last, to my inexpressible relief, I heard from her a low moan. I put her down on the door-step of a house close by, and sat by her side supporting her. A lamp was burning not far away.

She drew a long breath, and then raised herself suddenly, and

looked all around. Gradually the truth of her position returned to her. She drew herself away from me, and buried her face in her hands, and sat in silence for a long time. I waited in patience and anxiety for her to speak, and feared that the excitement and the anguish which she had undergone might have affected her mind.

Suddenly she started, and looked at me with staring eyes.

"Did he send you?" she gasped, in a strange, hoarse, choking voice.

Her face, her tone, and the emphasis of her words, all showed the full nature of the dark suspicion that had flung itself over her mind.

"He! Me!" I cried, indignantly. "Never! never! Can you have the heart to suspect me? Have I deserved this?"

"It looks like it," said she, coldly.

"Oh, listen!" I cried; "listen! I will explain my coming. It was a mistake, an accident. I swear to you, ever since that day on the ice, I've been haunted by your face—"

She made an impatient gesture.

"Well, not your face, then. I did not know it was yours. I called it the Lady of the Ice."

"I do not care to hear," said she, coldly.

"Oh, listen!" I said. "I want to clear myself from your horrid suspicion. I was at your house this evening. After leaving, I wandered wildly about. I couldn't go home. It was half madness and superstition. I went to the Esplanade, and there seemed voices in the storm. I wandered back again to your house, with a vague and half-crazy idea that the Lady of the Ice was calling me. As I came up to the house, I saw a shadowy figure on the other side. I thought it was the Lady of the Ice, and crossed over, not knowing what I was doing. The figure came and took my arm. I walked on, frozen into a sort of superstitious silence. I swear to you, it happened exactly in this way, and that for a time I really thought it was the Lady of the Ice who had come to meet me in the storm. I held back once or twice, but to no avail. I swear to you that I never had the remotest idea that it was you, till the moment when you fell, and I saw that you yourself were the Lady of the Ice. I did not recognize you before; but, when your face was pale, with suffering and fear upon it, then you became the same one whom I have never forgotten."

"He did not send you, then?" said she again.

"He? No. I swear he didn't; but all is just as I have said. Besides, we have quarrelled, and I have neither seen nor heard of him for two days."

She said nothing in reply, but again buried her face in her hands, and sat crouching on the door-step. The storm howled about us with tremendous fury. All the houses in the street were dark, and the street itself showed no living forms but ours. A lamp, not far off, threw a feeble light upon us.

"Come," said I at last; "I have saved you once from death, and, I doubt not, I have been sent by Fate to save you once again. If you stay here any longer, you must perish. You must rouse yourself."

I spoke vehemently and quickly, and in the tone of one who would listen to no refusal. I was roused now, at last, from all irresolution by the very sight of her suffering. I saw that to remain here much longer would be little else than death for her.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned.

"Tell me of some place where I can take you."

"There is no place. How could I dare to go to any of my friends?"

"Why should you not?"

"I cannot—I cannot."

"You can easily make up some story for the occasion. Tell me the name of some one, and I will take you."

"No," said she.

"Then," said I, "you must go home."

"Home! home!" she gasped.

"Yes," said I, firmly, "home. Home you must go, and nowhere else."

"I cannot."

"You must."

"I will not; I will die first."

"You shall not die!" I cried, passionately. "You shall not die while I am near you. I have saved your life before, and I will not let it end in this. No, you shall not die—I swear by all that's holy! I myself will carry you home."

"I cannot," she murmured, feebly.

"You must," said I. "This is not a question of death—it's a question of dishonor. Home is the only haven where you can find escape from that, and to that home I will take you."

"Oh, my God!" she wailed; "how can I meet my father?"

She buried her face in her hands again, and sobbed convulsively.

"Do not be afraid," said I. "I will meet him, and explain all. Or say—answer me this," I added, in fervid, vehement tones—"I can do more than this. I will tell him it was all my doing. I will accept his anger. I'll tell him I was half mad, and repented. I'll tell any thing—any thing you like. I'll shield you so that all his fury shall fall on me, and he will have nothing for you but pity."

"Stop," said she, solemnly, rising to her feet, and looking at me with her white face—"stop! You must not talk so. I owe my life to you already. Do not overwhelm me. You have now deliberately offered to accept dishonor for my sake. It is too much. If my gratitude is worth having, I assure you I am grateful beyond words. But your offer is impossible. Never would I permit it."

"Will you go home, then?" I asked, as she paused.

"Yes," said she, slowly.

I offered my arm, and she took it, leaning heavily upon me. Our progress was slow, for the storm was fierce, and she was very weak.

"I think," said she, "that in my haste I left the back door unlocked. If so, I may get in without being observed."

"I pray Heaven it may be so," said I, "for in that case all trouble will be avoided."

We walked on a little farther. She leaned more and more heavily upon me, and walked more and more slowly. At last she stopped.

I knew what was the matter. She was utterly exhausted, and to go farther was impossible. I did not question her at all. I said nothing. I stooped, and raised her in my arms without a word, and walked vigorously onward. She murmured a few words of complaint, and struggled feebly; but I took no notice whatever of her words or her struggles. But her weakness was too great even for words. She rested on me like a dead weight, and I would have been sure that she had fainted again, had I not felt the convulsive shudders that from time to time passed through her frame, and heard her frequent heavy sighs and sobbings.

So I walked on through the roaring storm, beaten by the furious sleet, bearing my burden in my arms, as I had done once before. And it was the same burden, under the same circumstances—my Lady of the Ice, whom I thus again uplifted in my arms amid the storm, and

snatched from a cruel fate, and carried back to life and safety and home. And I knew that this salvation which she now received from me was far more precious than that other one; for that was a rescue from death, but this was a rescue from dishonor.

We reached the house at last. The gate which led into the yard was not fastened. I carried her in, and put her down by the back door. I tried it. It opened.

The sight of that open door gave her fresh life and strength. She put one foot on the threshold.

Then she turned.

"Oh, sir," said she, in a low, thrilling voice, "I pray God that it may ever be in my power to do something for you—some day—in return—for all this. God bless you! you have saved me—"

And with these words she entered the house. The door closed between us—she was gone.

I stood and listened for a long time. All was still.

"Thank Heaven!" I murmured, as I turned away. "The family have not been alarmed. She is safe."

I went home, but did not sleep that night. My brain was in a whirl from the excitement of this new adventure. In that adventure every circumstance was one of the most impressive character; and at the same time every thing was contradictory and bewildering to such an extent that I did not know whether to congratulate myself or not, whether to rejoice or lament. I might rejoice at finding the Lady of the Ice; but my joy was modified by the thought that I found her meditating flight with another man. I had saved her; but then I was very well aware that, if I had not come, she might never have left her home, and might never have been in a position to need help. Jack had, no doubt, neglected to meet her. Over some things, however, I found myself

exulting—first, that, after all, I *had* saved her, and, secondly, that she had found out Jack.

As for Jack, my feelings to him underwent a rapid and decisive change. My excitement and irritation died away. I saw that we had both been under a mistake. I might perhaps have blamed him for his treachery toward Marion in urging her to a rash and ruinous elopement; but any blame which I threw on him was largely modified by a certain satisfaction which I felt in knowing that his failure to meet her, fortunate as it was for her, and fortunate as it was also for himself, would change her former love for him into scorn and contempt. His influence over her was henceforth at an end, and the only obstacle that I saw in the way of my love was suddenly and effectually removed.



"I took the cloud which was wrapped around her head, and tenderly and delicately drew it down from her face. Oh, Heavens! what was this that I saw?"—Chapter XXVII.

CHAPTER XXIX.—PUZZLING QUESTIONS WHICH CANNOT BE ANSWERED AS YET.—A STEP TOWARD RECONCILIATION.—REUNION OF A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.—PIECES ALL COLLECTED AND JOINED.—JOY OF JACK.—SOLENN DEBATES OVER THE GREAT PUZZLE OF THE PERIOD.—FRIENDLY CONFERENCES AND CONFIDENCES.—AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

THE night passed, and the morning came, and the impression of these recent events grew more and more vivid. The very circumstances under which I found my Lady of the Ice were not such as are generally chosen by the novelist for an encounter between the hero and heroine of his novel. Of that I am well aware; but then I'm not a novelist, and I'm not a hero, and the Lady of the Ice isn't a heroine—so what have you got to say to that? The fact is, I'm talking about myself. I found Marion running away, or trying to run away, with my intimate friend. The elopement, however, did not come off. She was thrown into my way in an amazing manner, and I identified her with my Lady, after whom I longed and pined with a consuming passion. Did the discovery of the Lady of the Ice under such circumstances change my affections? Not at all. They only grew all the stronger. The Lady was the same as ever. I had not loved Nora, but the Lady of the Ice; and now that I found out who she was, I loved Marion. This happens to be the actual state of the case; and, whether it is artistic or not, does not enter into my mind for a single moment.

Having thus explained my feelings concerning Marion, it will easily be seen that any resentment which I might have felt against Jack for causing her grief, was more than counterbalanced by the prospect I now had that she would give him up forever. Besides, our quarrel was on the subject of Nora, and this had to be explained. Then, again, my duel was on the *tapis*, and I wanted Jack for a second. I therefore determined to hunt him up as soon as possible.

But in the course of the various meditations which had filled the hours of the night, one thing puzzled me extremely, and that was the pretension of Nora to be my Lady of the Ice. Why had she done so? Why did Marion let her? Why did O'Halloran announce his own wife to me as the lady whom I had saved? No doubt Nora and Marion had some reason. But what, and why? And what motive had O'Halloran for deceiving me? Clearly none. It was evident that he believed Nora to be the lady. It was also evident that on the first night of the reading of the advertisement, and my story, he did not know that the companion of that adventure of mine was a member of his family. The ladies knew it, but he didn't. It was, therefore, a secret of theirs, which they were keeping from him. But why? And what possible reason had Marion for denying it, and Nora for coming forward and owning up to a false character to O'Halloran?

All these were perplexing and utterly bewildering mysteries, of which I could make nothing.

At length I cut short the whole bother by going off to Jack's.

He was just finishing his breakfast.

The moment he saw me, he started to his feet, and gave a spring toward me. Then he grasped my hand in both of his, while his face grew radiant with delight.

"Macrorie! old boy!" he cried. "What a perfect trump! I'll be hanged if I wasn't going straight over to you! Couldn't stand this sort of thing any longer.—What's the use of all this beastly row? I haven't had a moment's peace since it begun. Yes, Macrorie," he continued, wringing my hand hard, "I'll be hanged if I wouldn't give up every one of the women—I was just thinking that I'd give them all for a sight of your old face again—except, perhaps, poor little Louie—" he added. "But, come, sit down, load up, and fumigate."

And he brought out all his pipes, and drew up all his chairs, and showed such unfeigned delight at seeing me, that all my old feelings of friendship came back, and resumed their places.

"Well, old fellow," said I, "do you know in the first place—our row—you know—"

"Oh, bother the row!"

"Well, it was all a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. We mistook the women."

"How's that? I'm in the dark."

"Why, there are two ladies at O'Halloran's."

"Two?"

"Yes, and they weren't introduced, and, as they're both young, I thought they were both his daughters."

"Two women! and young? By Jove!" cried Jack—"and who's the other?"

"His wife!"

"His wife? and young?" The idea seemed to overwhelm Jack.

"Yes," said I, "his wife, and young, and beautiful as an angel."

"Young, and beautiful as an angel!" repeated Jack. "Good Lord, Macrorie!"

"Well, you know, I thought his wife was Miss O'Halloran, and the other Miss Marion."

"What's that? his wife? You thought she was Miss O'Halloran?"

"Yes, and the one I saved on the ice, you know—"

"Well, all I can say is, old fellow, I'm confoundedly sorry for your sake that she's a married woman. That rather knocks your little game. At the same time it's a very queer thing that I didn't know any thing about it. Still, I wasn't at the house much, and Mrs. O'Halloran might have been out of town. I didn't know any thing about their family affairs, and never heard them mentioned. I thought there was only a daughter in the family. Never dreamed of there being a wife."

"Well, there is a wife—a Mrs. O'Halloran—so young and beautiful that I took her for the old man's daughter; and Jack, my boy, I'm in a scrape."

"A scrape?"

"Yes—a duel. Will you be my second?"

"A duel!" cried Jack, and gave a long whistle.

"Fact," said I, "and it all arose out of my mistaking a man's wife for his daughter."

"Mistaking her?" cried Jack, with a roar of laughter. "So you did. Oh, Macrorie! how awfully spooney you were about her, you know—ready to fight with your best friend about her, and all that, you know. And how did it go on? What happened? Come, now, don't do the reticent. Out with it, man. Every bit of it. A duel! And about a man's wife! Good Lord! Macrorie, you'll have to leave the regiment. An affair like this will rouse the whole town. These infernal newspapers will give exaggerated accounts of every thing, you know. And then you'll get it. By Jove, Macrorie, I begin to think your scrape is worse than mine."

"By-the-way, Jack, how are you doing?"

"Confound it man, what do you take me for? Do you think I'm a stalk or a stone. No, by Jove, I'm a man, and I'm crazy to hear about your affair. What happened? What did you do? What did you say? Something must have taken place, you know. You must have been awfully sweet on her. By Jove! And did the old fellow see you at it? Did he notice any thing? A duel! Something must have happened. Oh, by Jove! don't I know the old rascal! Not boisterous, not noisy, but keen, sir, as a razor, and every word a dagger. The most savage, cynical, cutting, insulting old scoundrel of an Irishman that I ever met with. By Heaven, Macrorie, I'd like to be principal in the duel instead of second. By Jove, how that old villain did walk into me that last time I called there!"

"Well, you see," I began, "when I went to his house he introduced me, and didn't introduce her."

"Yes."

"Well, I talked with her several times, but for various reasons, unnecessary to state, I never mentioned her name. I just chatted with her, you know, the way a fellow generally does."

"Was the old fellow by?"

"Oh, yes, but you know yesterday I went there and found her alone."

"Well?"

"Well—you know—you were so determined at the time of our row, that I resolved to be beforehand, so I at once made a rush for the prize, and—and—"

"And, what?"

"Why—did the spooney—you know—told her my feelings—and all that sort of thing, you know."

I then went on and gave Jack a full account of that memorable scene, the embarrassment of Nora, and the arrival of O'Halloran, together with our evening afterward, and the challenge.

To all this Jack listened with intense eagerness, and occasional bursts of uncontrollable laughter.

I concluded my narrative with my departure from the house. Of my return, my wanderings with Marion, my sight of him at Berton's,

and all those other circumstances, I did not say a word. Those things were not the sort that I chose to reveal to anybody, much less to Jack.

Suddenly, and in the midst of his laughter and nonsense, Jack's face changed. He grew serious. He thrust his hand in his pocket with something like consternation, and then drew forth—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—WAVERING.

It has been seen that Frank Renton was not, in any sense of the words, a model young man. He was not offensive nor disagreeable, but, as a pure matter of fact, the centre of his own world, as, indeed, we all are, more or less. When it had been placed so very clearly before him that it was to his advantage to marry money, he had acquiesced with very little struggle, feeling that the advantage was so great as to create a duty; but now, after this bewildering day, another prospect altogether opened before his eyes—he had forgotten Nelly. For the moment she had passed from his mind, as if she had never been, and Alice had risen upon him like the sun. He could perceive now that from the first moment his heart had claimed her. Happiness, companionship, the very light of life, seemed to be concentrated for him in that single youthful creature, ignorant of the world, innocent as a child, sweet with the earliest freshness of existence. He had no need to reason about it, to say to himself that it was she whom he wanted, she whom he had unconsciously been groping for—he knew it; it was clear as daylight; he seemed to himself to have been aware of it all along, from the earliest moment. A voice from heaven had spoken to him, as to Adam, crying, "This is she." Such was the thought that filled his mind as he went down to Royalborough in the dark and damp loneliness of the railway carriage. He had so much thinking to do that he had warned the guard that he must have a compartment to himself; and there he lay back in his corner with a very black shadow thrown on him from the dim lamp, and floated forth upon this Elysian sea of thought. But it was only for the first two minutes that it was Elysian. All at once he sat bolt upright, and recollected what he had forgotten. Nelly! This recollection rushed at him like another railway train in the darkness, so that there was a sharp and violent collision. After the first shock, Frank began to consider anxiously how far he had gone on that other side, what words he might have spoken, what inferences had been made. Only yesterday, it must be allowed, he was making very decided way toward Nelly. He had been softened rather, and brought nearer to her personally, and the house and the hunters had held a very high place in his thoughts. He had persuaded his mother to call, and written a note which was not at all unlike the first beginning of love-making. And yet, to day, he had forgotten Nelly's existence. When he recollected all this, he grew suddenly very hot, and very uncomfortable. Love, even when it is unfortunate, has something sweet in it; but the thought of Nelly's little indignant face was not sweet. He had never loved her; he had never, even to himself, pretended to be fond of her. He had represented to himself that if they were married, no doubt the time would come when he should be fond of his wife. But while he was thus deciding in cold blood, the other had but to give a glance, and all was over with Nelly. When this terrible complication became apparent to him, Frank no longer found that there was any thing Elysian in his circumstances; for this discovery suddenly revealed to him the entire circumstances of the case. Nelly was marriageable, for she was very rich; but Alice was poor. If the wealth of the one outbalanced the objections against her in respect to birth and breeding, there was no such saving clause in respect to the other. Even Mr. Rich patronized Mrs. Severn. The artist's family was of no rank, and had no social standing whatever, not even that conferred by money. As for the distinction of art, Frank was too much of a man of the world not to know how little that counted for. Penniless, without connections, or prospects, or blood, or any thing—a creature who was only herself, and possessed only the qualities of her own mind and heart. To make such a marriage, Frank was aware, would be sheer madness. Nelly was different.

Nelly meant Cookesley Lodge, with all its accompaniments, and a certain sum a year. Alice meant nothing. No wonder the moisture stood heavy on his forehead. He had been a fool, in suffering himself to be thus moved out of all sense and prudence. And yet when he tried to turn to other thoughts his heart grew sick. He (almost) made a vow never to think of anybody, never to look at any one more. Why was Fate always so spiteful? Why was it that Alice had not Nelly's fortune, or Nelly Alice's charms? It was not that he was mercenary. Money, except for what it brought, was not important to Frank; but there is a difference between being mercenary and being an idiot. And he knew so well what the world would say if, instead of marrying money, he married a girl who had nothing—neither money nor any other substantial recommendation. He would be laughed at, and she would be snubbed—and who could wonder at it? Thus Frank reasoned with himself, and groaned in his heart. And then he thought of India, and the world stood still for a moment that he might look that possibility in the face.

India! In the first place, it was out of the world, and ridicule over his *fiasco* would not be so overwhelming; but, at the same time, the world is a very small place, and news would travel faster than by telegraph to everybody who was anybody. In India the pay was double, which was a very great matter; but then, on the other hand, would not the expenses be greater too? Not, of course, in proportion to Cookesley Lodge and the hunters, which, alas! it was no use thinking any more about, but in proportion to the tiny *ménage* which a young soldier with two hundred a year, besides his pay, might venture on at home. But here, once more, Frank drew himself suddenly up, with a sensation of misery. Two hundred a year and his pay barely sufficed for himself. To marry upon it would be simple madness, neither more nor less. And to wait seven years—No! India was the only chance. It was the most usual thing in the world for a young fellow going out there to marry before he went; therefore it must be practicable. There would be no society nor expensive habits—as he supposed, in his ignorance—and there was the chance of appointments, which was always worth taking into account. Frank contemplated the question all round, but it was a very dreary horizon which encircled him on every side. Poverty, the renunciation of most things which had made life agreeable—a struggle with care and the burdens of serious life—instead of Cookesley and the hunters and terriers, and the country gentleman's existence, for which he had evidently been created. There was so much good in the young man, however, that though he could not but contrast the two existences which thus seemed to be set before him, he could not and did not contrast the two through whose hands their different threads must run. He made no comparison there. Nelly had been swept out of his sky the moment Alice appeared. It was not that he could be happy with either. It was that he could not see how to justify himself in any new step; how to do what he longed to do, and how to decide, as it seemed to him absolutely necessary that he should decide, that moment, and no later, on the course he was to take.

One thing was quite clear to him at this crisis of excitement and emotion, while the image of Alice still danced before his eyes with all her soft looks and words—Cookesley and its delights—meaning Nelly and her fortune—were impossible—quite impossible; altogether out of the question. He had been capable in the abstract of doing a duty to himself and the world, and securing, in default of Laurie, for whom he always acknowledged the position would have been so much more suitable, all those advantages which seemed to be held out to him in Nelly Rich's hand. He liked her very well, and no doubt would have grown fond of her in time. That he could have done. His own interests, and the unanimous voice of his friends, and the appeal of the world in general, had all but decided the question. But Frank, notwithstanding the prudent and practical character of his understanding, was true and honest at bottom. And as soon as he discovered beyond question that he was in love with one woman, it became impossible to him to marry another, whatever the advantages might be which she brought with her. He was not capable of that. It was indispensable upon him to be true, if not to Alice, who knew nothing about his sentiments, at least to Nelly. She had a right to it. He could have married her yesterday, but he could not deceive her to-day. What could he do? The clouds closed in upon him, swallowed him up, the more he thought it over. Do! Nothing but trudge forth to India, leaving his hopes of every description behind him—a saddened and a solitary man. Neither one

thing nor another, neither love nor wealth were practicable. Better take leave of both in one word, and submit to his inevitable fate.

"I must never see her again," Frank said to himself, as he got out of the train; "I must never see her again!" Perhaps it was because of the very practicality and matter-of-fact character of his mind that he felt it dangerous to permit himself such an indulgence. He could not go and gaze and moon about her, as other men might, without any thing coming of it. The only safeguard would be to keep away altogether. But it was not a cheerful thought; and, consequently, when he emerged from the station with his hat down over his brows, a certain air of tragedy and misery was about the poor young fellow. And if the reader of this sober history should at any time encounter on the railway between London and Royalborough an unfortunate and melancholy Guardsman, well thrown back into the shadow of the lamp, gnawing his mustache as he chews the cud of fancy, let him remember the miserable perplexities of poor Frank Renton, and pity the solitary. The impulse of the mature spectator's mind is so invariably to vituperate the military butterfly, that it is the duty of the benevolent moralist to turn the tide of sympathy toward that beautiful, frivolous, yet sometimes suffering creature, when he has the opportunity. After all, Guardsmen are men.

Frank kept his resolution for a week. He gave himself a fair trial. To describe the cogitations which passed through his mind during that time, would only weary the reader without bringing him any nearer to the issue of the conflict; for, to be sure, it does not matter so very much what conclusion a young man may arrive at in such a contest, after even weeks of thought. Five minutes may destroy the entire fabric at any time—a sudden meeting—three words—all unpremeditated on either side—a chance look—even a few notes of music played unawares by some cooler hands—will suffice to undo the finest piece of reasoning ever put together. Nor is it at all unusual in Frank's circumstances for a young man to make an absolute determination against marriage one day, and go and lay himself at the feet of the lady of his affections on the next. Therefore it is unnecessary to enter into the course of those thoughts. Many times, it must be allowed, Cookesley Lodge would burst like a sudden revelation upon the young man's soul. He could hear the hunters rattling up the avenue, and the dogs yelping a chorus of welcome; and then this

charming home-scene would give place to a misty conception of an Indian bungalow—whatever that might be—and the fierce delights of a jungle-hunt. The question was not Alice or Nelly—that would have horrified him—but Cookesley with all possible comforts and indulgences, and India with none—question enough to make a man ponder.

Four or five days after his visit to London, though it seemed four or five years from the multiplicity of his thoughts, he rode over to Richmond, on an unacknowledged mission to prove to himself whether that image of Alice, which he had been trying hard to banish, would disappear before the close realization of all the good things on the other side. He had tried to forget her, or rather

he had tried to shut her out from his thoughts; to divert his mind to any thing else in the world rather than allow it to dwell upon her. And he was now going to test what success he had had. Nelly Rich was sketching under the trees, as we have before seen her, when he rode up to the door; and instead of going in to pay his respects to her mother, Frank—with a strong sense of duty—crossed the lawn to where the white figure, with sketching-block on her lap, and bright ribbons fluttering about her, sat in the shadow of the soft limes. A prettier picture could not have been desired. The dead white of the dress blazed out in the sunshine, lying in crisp folds upon the soft grass. The silken leaves made a flutter and checker of light and shade upon the pretty drooping head. Nelly was older, more piquant, more expressive—indeed, to any unprejudiced eye, more beautiful, than Alice Severn; not, as Frank said to himself hotly, that he ever had made such a profane comparison. But yet it was impossible thus to approach the one without thinking of the other. There was a technicality and a pre-



"He approached Nelly, slowly."

tension, he thought, about all this paraphernalia of the artist. When Alice went softly to her piano, you never could have told, until you heard her, that she was any thing but a school-girl. And no one seemed to give her any particular glory for her music. She was a little girl to all of them. Whereas Nelly was the mistress of every thing, more mistress in the house than her mother was, and getting credit for all sorts of talent and cleverness. In his heart Frank took up a position of defence immediately for the absent, whom, indeed, no one dreamed of attacking. He approached Nelly slowly, making these comments in his mind. No doubt he would have to talk of the sketch, and admire it as if it had been something very pretty. At Fitzroy Square the

mother had smiled and admitted, yes, that Alice played very well; and that she was as clever at her needle as at her music. How strange was the difference! From these thoughts it will be apparent that he had not been so successful as he hoped, in excluding Alice from his thoughts.

"Is it you, Mr. Renton?" said Nelly; and she put down her sketching-book hastily as he approached. "I could not make you out till you came quite close. Did you not find mamma?"

"I confess I did not ask," said Frank; and the consciousness that he was paying a compliment, though he did not mean it, embarrassed him in his peculiar circumstances; "I saw you here—" and then he stopped short, the unfortunate youth giving double meaning to his words.

Nelly blushed. It was very natural she should after such words; and her change of color told upon Frank as the most terrible reproach. "I thought Mr. Rich would be with you," he said, hurriedly; "it is so pleasant out-of-doors on such a day. You were sketching, I am sure, and I have stopped your work."

"Oh, it does not matter," said Nelly. "I want to draw the house, and I cannot get it just as I want it. I must have in the window of the music-room. You know I live there. I don't care for all the rest of the house in comparison with that one room."

"Yes," said Frank, with a sudden relapse into his dreaming, "with such music as we had there the other day, the place was like paradise."

"You liked little Alice Severn's playing," said Nelly. "Ah! yes, I remember. She plays very well. For myself, I am not fanatical about music. I don't understand. I want to know what it says, and it says nothing. And these musical people are so exclusively musical, that they never seem to have brains for any thing else."

"But that could not be the case with—Miss Severn, I should think," said Frank, taking a foolish pleasure in speaking of her, and making a little pause before her name like a worshipper. Nelly gave him a quick glance, and answered carelessly:

"Oh, Alice! She is a good little thing enough; but I don't think she has much brains—few girls have—or men either, for that matter. I scarcely expect any thing of the kind from the people who come to this house."

"You are not complimentary to your visitors," said Frank, feeling mortified, and with a secret sense that something at least of this condemnation was intended for himself.

"Well, Mr. Renton, few of our visitors are complimentary to us," said Nelly, with a flush on her face, which even Frank perceived was quite different from the soft blush which had greeted his first appearance. Probably her quick ear had caught some difference in his tone, though he was not himself aware of it. "We are rich, and you come to us when we ask you, and are very civil; but I know you laugh at us behind our backs, and make very free with our names, and do not show us the respect you would to the most miserable creature who was of good family. And then you think we are taken in by it, and don't know—"

"Miss Rich, you must allow me to say that personally you are doing me a great injustice," said Frank, coloring up. "I cannot undertake to be responsible for everybody who comes here; but so far as myself and my friends are concerned—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Nelly, turning her face toward him with sudden shame and penitence which made it beautiful. Her large brilliant eyes were full of tears, the eloquent blood had rushed to her cheeks. She held out her hands to him in the fervor of her compunction. "Oh, forgive me!—do forgive me! I was cross. I did not know what I was saying. I did not mean you."

There was nothing that Frank could do but take the pretty, soft, appealing hands, and hold them in his own for a moment. He did not kiss them, as no doubt he would have done had he never paid that visit to the Square. And, to tell the truth, he was not half disinclined to kiss them. "There is nothing for me to forgive," he said, in softened tones. And then Nelly recovered herself, and took her hands away.

"But you must forgive me," she said, "for being cross to you, who, I am sure, did not deserve it. Your mother called on Wednesday, and mamma was so pleased. You know we are new people—very new people—and it is a great thing for us to have Mrs. Renton calling. But because we are such spick-and-span new people we have always something happening to vex us. One hears bits of gossip about you officers—how you laugh and discuss one, and take things in your

head," said Nelly, breaking off suddenly, and looking full in Frank's face. What did she mean? Whatever it was, it covered him with embarrassment and shame. This conversation at least was true. He had been taking things in his head, and he did not know how to meet her look, or give her any reply.

"I don't know to what you refer," he faltered. "I am sure, Miss Rich—" when he broke off altogether, so great was his confusion under the steady light of her keen eyes. "There is no doubt," he went on, as soon as he recovered himself, "that every thing possible and impossible is talked about. It is the fashion everywhere nowadays. You know it as well as I. But had any thing that was less than respectful ever been breathed in my presence—"

"I was quite sure of that," said Nelly, leaning toward him with glowing eyes and expressive face. The eyes were full of soft gratitude and something that looked like a tender pride. "I know that," she repeated; "you have always been so different." The voice had fallen quite low, so that Frank had to lean forward to hear it. And there was encouragement in her look for any thing he might have had to say, for any thing he might have been moved to do in the excitement of the moment. And Frank's heart was softened by compunction and the sense that he was not so blameless as he had claimed to be. The crisis of his fate had come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WAY-SIDE CROSS.

BY ANNIE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DONNE," ETC.

IT is not often that a constant and practised user of and liver by the pen suffers from an utter and overwhelming inability to write. As one of the most fertile writers and best authorities on the subject has said, in words that I do not precisely remember, but to the following effect: We know pretty well to a fraction how much work so many hours' labor represents. In other words, name the time at my disposal, and I will name the quantity of copy I shall produce in that time.

Still there are hours—days, unfortunately—when, as I said before, the most self-contained and practised writers suffer from an utter and total inability to work. And this inability, which at the time appears to be a mental difficulty, is generally found, after calm reflection, to be the offspring of physical weakness only.

I was suffering in this way in the early spring of last year. A long, exhausting attack of bronchitis and low fever left me powerless to control my imaginative faculties, or to bring to bear upon them the mechanical skill which utilizes such faculties. My days were spent in reading, without interest or comprehension, in lounging on a sofa, and in the idlest and emptiest of correspondence. My nights were sleepless with remorse engendered by the consideration of the fact that I was breaking engagements with magazines that I had been at great trouble to make, wasting time that was precious, and losing money that was needful to me. Each morning I rose with the determination to struggle against and conquer my growing languor. Each night I had to confess that the languor had been stronger than my determination.

A work of fiction, on which I had been engaged previous to my illness, turned, as it were, to ashes on my lips now. I could not bring myself to feel the slightest interest in my young people. Whether they married and were happy, at the end of the third volume, or whether they died natural deaths or were hung, were matters of equal indifference to me. I could not think of a single incident; and all the dialogue I ever had written, or ever might possibly write, loomed before me as mere twaddle.

I was in this state of mind, or rather of body, when a friend suggested to me, in the off-hand way in which suggestions are apt to be made, "that I had better let things take their course, and not bother myself."

In pursuance of this advice, which I took partially, inasmuch as I couldn't help "letting things take their course," I gave up the attempt at being useful in my generation, and went out, one April morning, for a walk.

I had lived in the neighborhood for a year or two, and I thought that every high-road and by-road was well known to me. To the best of my belief, I had ridden and driven over every square inch of

it within a radius of twenty miles. But to whom is it given to unravel the tortuosities of Devonshire lanes?

On this occasion I turned out of a lane that was merely a gorge cut between two cliff-like hedges, and found myself in a still more gorge-like lane. It was very narrow. It was very muddy. It was very uncouth. But, on that April day, it was very pretty. Primroses starred the high banks on either side with their delicate yellow blooms. Twenty varieties of ferns, from the highly-polished bright-green hart's-tongue to the little, delicate black-veined maiden-hair, lavished themselves in profusion, forming a verdant border to the narrow path I was treading. Birds in the air above me, and in the hedge by my side, were twittering and singing their little songs of love. It was altogether a charming place for a tired mind and body to "bide a wee" in, and I almost felt it to be compensation for that inability of which I have spoken.

Before I had been five minutes in the lane, I had laid the foundation of a huge bouquet of primroses and ferns, and, in my eager search for some still finer specimens of the latter which would droop gracefully over the sides of a certain pet vase, I thrust my hand deep into a mass of vegetation, and came suddenly upon a small white marble cross planted firmly on a small, square block of marble, that was in its turn buried securely in the earth.

I drew back from the holy emblem with a sudden revulsion of feeling that was neither fear, nor horror, nor curiosity, nor reverence, but that yet, curiously enough, had all these elements in it. How had the Catholic emblem come there, in the very core of the heart of this ultra-Protestant district? There—far from all consecrated ground—from all the haunts of men—how had it come to pass that this little modern cross had been planted?

For modern I soon discovered it to be. It was no relic of a time when the old faith reigned, for it bore this inscription: "B. L. Dec. 1866." Only the other day, as it were. What tragedy or melodrama of life had been enacted here?

I was fascinated to the spot, and loitered about it for hours. And, when I got back to the village, I set inquiries on foot, hoping they might lead to a discovery of what fact that way-side cross commemorated. But my inquiries were fruitless. No one could tell me any thing about anybody that brought me nearer to the solution of the mystery of that cross. And I was beginning to fear that it was to remain one of the unsolved mysteries of my life, when the following advertisement caught my eye in a local paper:

"If Mrs. [my initials followed] will be under Temple Bar at seven o'clock on the evening of May 1st, she shall hear the story of 'B. L.' and the cross. In order to prevent imposture, the advertiser requests that Mrs. — shall hold a sketch of the cross in her hand, in order that the advertiser may know that she is the person to hear the story."

A story-teller and romancer by profession, need it be told with what a wild interest I waited for the end of April? The same friend who had advised me to let things take their course, now took for me a correct and striking likeness of the cross in French chalk, and, on the last day of April, accompanied by that sketch, I found myself in London.

Unadvisedly I had let several of my friends know of my advent, and, on the day after my arrival—that very 1st of May, the evening of which I so ardently desired to have to myself—I was beset with callers and invitations.

"Up here, without your husband or your children, poor thing! You must come to us this evening—we dine at seven—I shall not let you say no." This was from one.

"Well, if you don't feel well enough to come out, you shall certainly not be condemned to solitude in a hotel in the evening. I'll come to you at six, and we can dine at the *table d'hôte* together." This was from another.

What was to become of my rendezvous?

"Save me from my friends!" I cried, in despair; and at length, by dint of stoutly declaring that I had business with a relation that night, I got rid of every one, and felt myself at liberty to pursue my adventure.

I had taken up my abode at an hotel in the West End, and I allowed myself three-quarters of an hour to get from thence to Temple Bar, taking into consideration that the Strand is often thronged at that time by crowded omnibuses and city-clerks hurrying along homeward to the suburbs. The cab I took, though its windows were

clouded with dust, seemed to me too transparent and open for my purpose, such was my dread of being recognized and delayed on my way to the revelation that was about to be made to me. However, Fortune favored me. I reached Temple Bar at a quarter to seven, and, after waiting in a corner of the cab until the clocks struck the hour, I guardedly got out, and walked, with as indifferent an air as I could assume, under the side-arch on the right-hand side facing toward the city. I held my sheet of drawing-paper with the cross toward me, and so concealed; but, before I had walked ten steps, my arm was touched, and a very low, sweet voice said:

"Do you carry your cross with you?"

I looked at the speaker, and saw a delicately-made, youthful, and extremely-pretty woman. And then I showed her the drawing, and she nodded her head and muttered, "Ah, yes! ah, yes! there is no doubt about it; you have found the memorial that I thought Nature would conceal down in those wilds. Is it perfect still? is it discolored? do the letters stand out clearly as they are drawn here?"

"Yes," I answered.

She drew a deep sigh, and then she faced around westward again. "Come with me," she said, "and you shall hear the story; but I can't tell it to you in all this maddening din; you must be content to come with me to the only home I have got now."

I noted carefully her tone and accent as she spoke. Unmistakably they were the tone and accent of a gentlewoman. Her voice was full of pathetically-subtle inflections; she spoke correctly, but without any of the overdone precision of a person who, by means of a good education, has risen from a lower sphere. Then I looked at her again, and saw refinement stamped on every feature and in every gesture, and I felt assured that, whatever her home was now, it *had been* among the well-born and well-bred.

"Will you think yourself contaminated if you get into an omnibus?" she asked, at last, abruptly. "I must leave you at nine o'clock, and we shall be a long time walking home."

Frankly I told her that I was up in town simply to hear her story, and that, until I had heard it, I would rather not risk the chance of seeing any one who knew me. "We will take a cab," I added. So we took a cab, but I did not catch the address she gave to the driver.

We must have been about twenty minutes driving home. I was too much absorbed in watching my companion, and in speculating about her, to take any note of the streets through which we passed; but we pulled up at length in a poor-looking street, that I have reason to believe was in one of the poorest purlieus of Piccadilly. She took a latch-key from her pocket, and presently ushered me into a little, plainly-furnished parlor. After drawing the curtains and lighting the gas, she took off her bonnet and cloak, and almost startled me by the beauty of face and symmetry of figure she thus revealed.

What I saw in the garish light of the gas, unrelieved by any art of dress or any species of adornment, was a woman of five or six and twenty apparently, of middle height, and of a singularly-graceful figure. Her hair and complexion were fair. The former was luxuriant, and of a rich golden brown, and she wore it rolled about her head in a variety of soft twists and coils. Her face was pale, but it was relieved from any thing like insipidity by the intense blueness of her eyes and the pure rose-tint of her lips. It was such a face as we often see in Scotland or on the canvas of old painters, where it figures as a Madonna. The form and features and coloring of it, I must be understood to be speaking of only now. In expression, it differed materially from that of the Madonnas. It was an intelligent, lively, flexible face. And I felt interested in the owner of it at once.

She began her narrative directly.

"I saw," she said, "from a paragraph in a western-county paper that you had been prosecuting inquiries about the little marble cross; and, after a time, finding out who and what you were, I determined to gratify your curiosity; so I advertised, as you know."

"What made you do it?" I asked.

She laughed a little, hard, unnatural laugh, and then she said:

"I wanted to tell you something that makes all your plots turn pale. I've read most of your books, and—plot isn't your strong point, is it?"

She put it to me so frankly, that I could not help saying "No," without hesitation.

"So I advertised," she resumed, "and now you are here, and I have just an hour to tell my story in:

"I needn't tell you I am a gentleman's daughter—but I'll tell you at once, in case your ears may be itching to hear something bad, that I have never forfeited my position by any bad conduct. Still, I have good reason to be rejoiced that all my family think me dead; and when I see my mother driving in the park, in the season, in mourning for me, I bless the error she is laboring under, for I have young sisters who will marry well, I hope.

"My father is a rich man, and I was brought up properly, of course. You don't know all that means, do you, Mrs. —? for your father was an officer, I have heard, and they're seldom well off, are they? and writers never have much money, have they? Well, I was brought up with governesses and masters for every language and accomplishment on the earth, I really believe; and mamma, who had been a great beauty, looked to me to win the same sort of laurels she had won. But somehow or other I wasn't a bit ambitious, and so at eighteen I married a lieutenant in the army.

"I loved him very dearly when I married him, and papa made things very comfortable for us. But I believe he was a devil—he made me hate him so soon. I can't tell you how he outraged me, how he wounded me, and made me loathe him—and all the time I was so young and good-looking, that I felt his conduct to be such a horrible injustice. I was never a bad girl though, and so I held my tongue about it, and didn't let anybody know how utterly wretched I was. But I used to feel it dreadfully, dreadfully! that all my best years and my power of loving were being wasted on a man who infinitely preferred every other woman, who would look at him, to me.

"I knew enough to know this, that I could get a divorce; but, though I hated my life, it was a very long time before I thought of that method of altering it. That he was an habitual daily drunkard was his least offence against me. But I went on bearing it, because I had vowed to bear it—but my heart was breaking.

"I ought to have told you that my husband was my first love. But there was another man who had been very fond of me when I was a girl. He was only a connection by marriage—a very remote connection of mamma's. And I will call him Bertram Lennox, because the initials correspond with the initials on the cross you found—but his real names, though they began with a B. and an L., were very different.

"Well, we were living on in this way when he came to me one day, and told me mamma was very anxious and unhappy about me, and got me to tell him by this means more than I should otherwise have done. I won't go into raptures about him, but I'll just tell you this—you've described a good many attractive men in your different books (I've read them all), but you never even imagined such an attractive man as Bertram Lennox was. He taught me that to get a divorce was only an act of justice to myself, and he taught me something else too, and that was to love him. But I was not a bad girl, and so I vowed to be cold as an iceberg to him, until he could win my love honestly.

"Well, my husband battered my heart, and my delicacy, and all good things within me, to pieces more and more each day, and, at last, I made up my mind not to bear it any longer. Before I took any steps, I had promised to consult Bertram Lennox; so I wrote to him now, and for answer I got a request that I would go down to Exeter on a certain day, when he could lay a legal opinion before me that could decide my course.

"I left London, believing him a Bayard.

"He was ready to receive me when the train landed me at Exeter, but I was disappointed in one thing—there was no legal opinion ready for me.

"I wrote to my father and mother from Exeter, telling them of the step I was about to take, and praying them to countenance and support me. I thanked my mother for having sent Bertram Lennox to me. I told her that my married life had been full of horrors, but that I believed God had answered my prayers, and that my future life would be happier. And I did believe that, for, among the other good qualities which I possessed then, and which I have lost since, was faith.

"That was a happy day I spent at Exeter. It was the last happy day of my life, so you'll excuse my dwelling upon it. An old cathedral town was a novelty to me, and I was never tired of wandering about the precincts, and studying the effect of the old building from various points of view. The legal opinion was to be 'submitted to me to-morrow,' Bertram said, and until to-morrow I had better divert my thoughts from painful matters, by seeing as much as I could of Exeter.

"It was fine, hard, bright winter weather, but I was young and strong, and didn't mind the cold, and so I enjoyed my walks about

the old city. And he was so tender and respectful to me, so considerate and thoughtful—such a contrast altogether in his treatment of me to the one who had been my guardian for the last few years.

"The following day, about ten o'clock, he came to the hotel at which I was staying, and asked me to go for a drive into the country. 'The lawyer could not come to me till three in the afternoon,' he said, so he hired a dog-cart, and took me for a long, long drive; you may think how long a drive, when I tell you that we put up and baited our horse at the village you are living in.

"While the horse was resting, we went for a walk—you see what's coming, don't you—and went to a queer little narrow lane that after a long time led into an even queerer and narrower one. Then, and not till then, he began to talk about the possibilities of my case, and my future prospects.

"What a friend you will have been to me, Bertram, when you have freed me!" I said, gratefully; 'you will have played a brother's part, and I shall give you a sister's love.'

"I said that because I did not want him to hint at the other love which leads to marriage. Now I had my fear that he would do so. I trusted him so entirely.

"At last he drew a newspaper from his pocket, and said he had something to tell me. It was a London paper of the night before—a third-rate and obscure journal, but that I did not know at the time. I have only found it out since. And he grew a little confused as he said:

"There is something here that alters all the plans I have made for you," and then he handed me the paper, and I read a paragraph that he pointed out to me. I could show you that paper now, but you'd get at real names if I did, so I'll only repeat it.

"It was headed 'Elopement.' And it commenced: 'We are sorry to learn, on the best authority, that the wife of Captain — of the —th regiment [my husband had got his company since our marriage], has left her husband's roof with Mr. Bertram Lennox. There is no doubt that the guilty pair have gone down to the west of England.'

"Bertram, you'll prove this a lie!" I cried, furiously.

"He shook his head, and said appearances were against us, and maddened me by saying so. I cried, I entreated, I implored, I humbled myself as only a woman with her reputation at stake can humble herself. And he whom I had trusted so entirely, who had been my ideal, my idol, my friend as I thought, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, 'We must make the best of it.'

"I had stood still under the shock. I didn't distrust his honor yet, but I thought him careless of my happiness, when suddenly he broke the spell which made me believe in him still. 'Look here,' he said, 'you love me, dear, and I think you know I love you.'

"What of that?" I asked.

"Do as the world believes you have done already," he said, his face flushing; 'leave England with me, and I will swear that you shall never repent that no legal tie binds us together.' And then, before I could recover my breath, he went on with the wretched sophistry that fitted the occasion.

"I was able to speak at last, and then I told him that until that minute I had not believed the world contained such another devil as my husband. Every thing died in me as I spoke—hope, love, youth every thing. Only life was left to me, and what a legacy it has been!

"You're a woman, and you can, perhaps, imagine what an agony I went through in finding myself blasted and betrayed in this way. I had to go back to Exeter with him, because I knew of no other means of getting back to the city from that place. When the blow had fallen on me, I found that 'consulting a lawyer' had been a fabrication of his own brain. He had done nothing of the kind. He had lied to me from beginning to end.

"I was stunned at first, and so I had let him go on offering me his false vows of love, and pleading that I should become what he wanted to make me, his mistress only, without interruption. But when I came to my senses again, I soon made him understand that I had not been more completely deceived in him than he was in me. Then he had the meanness to tell me that the world and my own family would never believe me to be a pure woman again—tried to make me reckless in that way. But I hated him now as much as I had loved him before; and so, although I thought he spoke the truth in saying that my own family would never believe me pure again, that consideration didn't drive me to him.

"He went away at last—went abroad at once, I believe, and then

I conceived the plan of making all those who might feel me a dishonor to them if I lived, think that I was dead. So I wrote to my mother again, telling her not to credit the evil reports of me—telling her that I was ill, broken-hearted, crushed, all of which was true; and adding that, if she did not hear from me within a month, to conclude that I was dead. I travelled away to the north of England to post that letter, in order not to give them any clew. And then I left England and went to Boulogne for a time, got a situation in a shop there until I had saved money enough to have that cross you found sculptured. When that was done, I went back and got a stone-mason in Exeter to go out to that lane with me, and plant it over the spot that was the grave of my hopes, and love, and faith.

"That is the story of the cross," she added, abruptly; and I rose, feeling that I had no excuse for intruding on her any longer.

"That is all I have to tell you, unless you care to hear how I have lived since," she resumed.

I told her that I did very much care to hear how she had lived, and why she had not restored herself to her family, if she had time to tell me.

"Yes—I have time for that. Well, the reason I have not made myself known to my family is quickly disposed off. I have reason to believe that the paragraph Bertram Lennox showed to me was very little seen; consequently, that the report was not very widely circulated." She hesitated for a moment, and then she added: "Do you know what I do think, Mrs. —, that he put it in himself, just to work upon me?"

"As for my life since then, that has been stupid and humdrum enough. When I had put that cross up, my life and all its interests seemed to be over; but still I knew that I must go on living my time, and, as I had no money, I knew I must go on working. It is not a very difficult matter for a woman to find work to do, if she wants to do it—is it? I could get a situation as a show-girl in one of the big shops any day; but I wanted more excitement—so I got an engagement at a theatre, and, though I'm not much of an actress, I do very well."

Looking at her, and marking her beauty and her grace and her refinement, I could easily believe that statement.

"I do very well," she repeated, dreadingly; "but I'm not my own mistress, as you will understand; that is why I must leave you at nine o'clock. I'm in the after-piece at the — Theatre now, and I must start. Has my story been worth your hearing?"

"I am glad I came up," I said, emphatically; "but, though we must part now, you will let me see you again. Can't you make a friend of me?"

"No, I can't," she said, decidedly. "I was in hopes you would prove to be a good, old, motherly sort of woman; but, as you're not that, we must have done with one another when we part to-night, and we must part now—in five minutes I must start."

She rose up and held out her hand to me, and I pressed it warmly—a little, soft, white, tender hand it was.

"I wish I could serve you in some way," I said.

"Serve me! You! How could you do it? How should you do it? Oh, no, no, no! I must be left to myself, if you please. You must not reward my good-natured desire to give you something to write about that should have the stamp of truth upon it by interfering with me. You may go with me in my cab as far as Waterloo Place, if you like; for I dare say you feel rather at a loss how to get away from here."

I accepted her offer of a cab as far as Waterloo Place simply because I was desirous of seeing more of her. She made some very slight change in her toilet, and was ready immediately; and at Waterloo Place we parted, her cabman hailing another for me, and I thought I had seen the last of her forever.

I had been very much taken by her beauty, very much interested in her story, very much affected by her sorrows; and it was with a pang of regret that I took my seat in a railway-carriage on the Great-Western line, that was homeward bound, the following day. It was a broken link, and I longed to mend it; but, being powerless, I resigned myself to circumstances, and gave up the idea of following out the romance which she had opened to me.

I had forbore to question her as to the name under which she acted; but I could not resist questioning several friends, who were much in the dramatic world, as to the various "Nellies," and "Lillies," and "Maries," who are advertised so familiarly in the London daily press, in the hope that I might identify her fairly. However, I never heard any thing of her by dint of these inquiries, and I had just come

to the conclusion that I might as well give up my quest, and that she had deceived me as to her theatrical career, when a light was thrown upon my Madonna-faced beauty and her fate.

Many months had elapsed since my discovery of the little way-side cross. Once more I was suffering from ill-health and inertness, and now I determined to try change of air and sea-bathing. We pitched our tent in Torquay; in other words, we put up at the Imperial Hotel for a period, and suffered the world and all its business to wag on as if it "was no concern at all" of ours, and in my idleness I began to plot and plan how I could turn the little story I had heard last spring to account.

At that date it never occurred to me to write it down truthfully, because it seemed to be so unfinished.

One morning, when I was very tired of toiling up and down the eternal hills, when Bishopstowe and the baths and the bay were alike wearisome to me, I went back to the hotel and settled myself in the reading-room for a thorough perusal of all the daily papers. Sitting there, half buried in the arms of one of the big, luxurious lounges, I became an unintentional eavesdropper to a conversation that was being carried on between a party of four who were seated near to me. My attention was caught and arrested by the following words, spoken in an elderly woman's voice:

"I shall never forget, dear Bernard, that you were the one who tried to save my poor, dear child, and that you saw her last."

"After that malicious scandal I could not risk injuring her by remaining at Exeter; but she gave me her assurance, before we parted, that she would return to you," a very florid male voice replied; and then I peered over the arm of my sofa, and scanned the group.

It consisted of an elderly lady (in whose features I traced a strong resemblance to the heroine of the way-side cross); a young girl, who was clearly a youthful edition of the Madonna-faced beauty I had met under Temple Bar; a handsome, distinguished-looking man, and a strikingly fashionable-looking woman. These last two were evidently husband and wife, and as evidently they were only recently made husband and wife. The lady had that unmistakable air of "bride on a wedding-tour" about her which is patent to the initiated.

"The letter she wrote me from Exeter, when she was hopeful of getting her freedom from that wretch—who only married her to torture her, it seems to me—certainly did not prepare me for what followed," the elder lady resumed. "That miserable letter from York, where she said she was dying, was a cruel blow. We hunted York without delay, but never got a trace of her. Do you think she really is dead, Bernard?"

"I fear there is no doubt of it," the florid voice replied; and then the fashionable-looking woman by his side said:

"It is such a pity she left her husband—isn't it? I think it's so much better to bear any thing rather than create a public scandal. I tell Bernard that he'll never get rid of me in that way."

"Or in any other, I hope, my dear," the elder lady said. "Bernard's happiness is very dear to me, as you will understand when I tell you that he was my poor lost daughter's best friend. He followed her to Exeter when she ran away from her husband, and tried to restore her to us; but she was always so wilful—poor, dear, headstrong girl—always so wilful!"

I rose up, and went to look at the visitors' book. If "Bernard's" surname began with an L, I should feel sure he was the hero of my way-side-cross story. They had only arrived that morning, I learned from the porter who waited in the hall—a bridegroom and his bride. Presently I found his name, "Bernard Leslie, Esq., from Paris."

So he was the "B. L." who had shocked her out of all faith in humankind; and now he was lying to and deceiving the mother, as he had lied to and deceived the daughter. And he was married, and happy, and prosperous, and esteemed—"flourishing like a green bay-tree," while she was playing in after-pieces at a second-rate theatre.

I closed the visitors' book with a sigh of regret that there was no better end to my story than this.

DISRAELI THE NOVELIST.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, statesman, orator, and novelist, was born in London, December 31, 1805, of parents both of whom were Hebrews, though not of Hebrew faith. His mother's maiden name was Basseri. His father was Isaac D'Israeli, the celebrated author

of the "Curiosities of Literature," "The Calamities of Authors," "The Quarrels of Authors," and other works of high literary merit. His ancestors fled from Spain in the fifteenth century to escape the Inquisition, and took refuge in Venice, where they assumed the name of D'Israeli, "a name never borne before or since by any other family, that their race might be forever recognized." Isaac D'Israeli always wrote his name with the apostrophe, as did his son until a comparatively recent period, when he adopted the present form as more consistent with the genius of the English tongue.

The grandfather of Benjamin Disraeli was a merchant, who removed from Venice to England in 1748, and became a convert to the established church of his adopted country, to which his descendants have since adhered. Benjamin received the usual academic education of an English gentleman, and while yet a boy was for three years a clerk in the office of an attorney in London, where he is said to have acquired habits of punctuality and precision, which are gratefully acknowledged by all who have been brought in contact with him, whether in a public or a private capacity. But he was not content to be an attorney, and in 1825, at the age of nineteen, he made a tour of Germany, and on his return home published anonymously, in 1826-'27, his first novel, "Vivian Grey," which made a great sensation, not only in England, but on the Continent, where it was translated into all the principal languages and widely circulated. In 1828 he published "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," a good-natured, but slight and not very successful, satire on the political and social follies of the day. Between 1828 and 1831 he travelled extensively, visiting Spain, Italy, Greece, Albania, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Nubia. He returned to England in 1831, and published his second novel, "The Young Duke," which was followed at intervals by others, which we name in the order of their publication: "Contarini

Fleming" (1832); "Alroy" (1833); "The Rise of Iskander" (1833); "Henrietta Temple" (1836); "Venetia" (1837); "Coningsby" (1844); "Sibyl" (1845); "Tancred" (1847); and lastly, "Lothair" (1870).

Besides these novels, Mr. Disraeli has written several political works; a biography of his father (1849); a memoir of his friend Lord George Bentinck (1852); a satirical poem, entitled "A Revolutionary Epick," and a tragedy, "Count Alarcos," founded on an old Spanish ballad. A collection of his Parliamentary speeches "On the Conservative Policy of the last Thirty Years," appeared in one small volume in the beginning of the present year.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

In 1837 Mr. Disraeli, after several unsuccessful efforts to be elected, entered the House of Commons as member for Maidstone. In 1841 he was returned for Shrewsbury, and in 1847 for the County of Bucks, which he has ever since represented. His maiden speech in the House, on the Irish question, December 7, 1837, was a failure. He was clamored down in the usual rude English fashion, and took his seat saying: "I would certainly gladly hear a cheer, even though it came from the lips of a political opponent. I am not at all surprised at the reception

which I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." His prediction was fulfilled. When next he spoke, in 1839, he was listened to with attention and praised for his ability. Gradually he became chief orator and leader of the Conservative party, and in 1852 was made a Cabinet minister, with the important post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which he held again in 1858-'59, and in 1866-'67. In February, 1868, he became Prime Minister, though he did not long retain the office, but resigned in December, 1868, and was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone and a Liberal ministry.

It is not our purpose in this sketch of Mr. Disraeli to take much

note of his public life, but to confine ourselves chiefly to the consideration of his character and position as a novelist. His political career, however, is perhaps the most extraordinary in English history. By sheer dint of genius, pluck, and perseverance, by his own unaided energy, eloquence, and sagacity, in spite of his alien and unpopular origin, without wealth, without connections, he has overcome the most formidable obstacles, has vanquished prejudice, bigotry, and personal opposition, and made himself the leader and the oracle of the proudest, the most powerful, and most cultivated of modern aristocracies, and finally, for a time, the virtual ruler of the mightiest of modern empires. A novelist who becomes finance minister of the wealthiest and most commercial of countries, and a Jew who becomes the acknowledged head of the aristocratic party of England, is certainly a phenomenon which for strangeness has few parallels in human annals.

As a novelist, Mr. Disraeli, though his works have circulated widely both in England and in this country, has not, we think, received that consideration to which he is justly entitled. He is one of the first of English authors in imagination, in art, in wit, in high invention, in subtle and refined delineation of character, and in clearness and grace of style. He is never obscure, and very seldom tiresome. There is hardly a dull page in all the thousands he has written. He is ever bright, sparkling, vivacious, and intelligible. And yet his characters and scenes are almost always in the highest walks of society, and his themes often rise to the loftiest heights of thought and the freshest and most daring speculations of modern research. Without the slightest trace of pedantry, he exhibits everywhere the training and the knowledge of the scholar, combined, in rare conjunction, with the wisdom and polish of the experienced man of the world.

The two leading purposes of his novels, apart from certain political aims in some of them, are the vindication of the Hebrew race and the delineation of the English aristocracy. He has described the land of his ancestors, and defended the character, and celebrated the genius of the chosen people, in many earnest and eloquent passages, in several of his works. But the general range of his characters and scenes is in the highest walks of English life. No other writer has depicted, with so much art or so much accuracy, the habits, the manners, the conversation, the modes of thought and of feeling, the occupations and pursuits, the follies and the vices, of the "upper ten thousand" of England. He has been all his life associated with them, and has had unrivalled facilities for their observation and study. He has watched them curiously, and painted them minutely, without caricature, though perhaps not without a little too much rose-color on his canvas. He has described their spacious domains, their picturesque parks, their stately mansions, their sumptuous life, their accomplished men and lovely women, as no other writer has described them, with inimitable grace and vivacity, and with a fulness and freedom which leave little to be desired. To all coming ages his novels will have an ever-increasing value for their brilliant and faithful representation of the highest phase in the social and political life of the foremost nation of the nineteenth century—a delineation all the more valuable because the mode of life which they depict, and the social organization to which they refer, are inevitably transient, and likely to pass away, at no distant period, under the influence of democratic ideas. It is fortunate for literature and for posterity that so perfect a picture of aristocratic England has been drawn by so skilful an artist in such charming and enduring colors. What would we not give for an equally vivid contemporaneous delineation of the ruling class of Assyria or Egypt, of Athens or Rome, of feudal France or mediæval Italy?

To criticise in detail the novels of Mr. Disraeli would require more space than we can spare in this number of the JOURNAL. We shall, therefore, only notice briefly the salient points of his principal works.

Of "Vivian Grey," the author himself has said, in his maturer years: "Books written by boys, which pretend to give a picture of manners, and to deal in knowledge of human nature, must necessarily be founded on affectation. They can be, at the best, but the result of imagination, acting upon knowledge not acquired by experience. Of such circumstances, exaggeration is a necessary consequence, and false taste accompanies exaggeration." Twenty years earlier, in "Contarini Fleming," he alluded to his first novel in disparaging terms, but made his friend, the artist Winter, reply: "Exactly as I thought of my first picture, which, after all, has a freshness and a freedom I have never excelled." The artist, we think, was right. With all its obvious defects of crudeness and of flashiness, "Vivian

Grey" is a work of extraordinary power, and displays in high degree some of the best qualities of its author's intellect—his wit, vivacity, satirical power, and dramatic skill. Few novels make so lasting an impression on the mind of the youthful reader.

"The Young Duke," published at the age of twenty-five, and written, we suspect, very hastily, seems to us the weakest and the worst of the author's novels, both in tone and execution. It contains, however, some powerfully-drawn scenes, and the heroine, May Dacre, is one of those masterpieces of feminine loveliness which are always so marked and so charming a feature in Mr. Disraeli's novels.

"Contarini Fleming" may, perhaps, be best described by citing the author's own criticism, prefaced to the latest edition. He says it "was written with great care, after deep meditation, in a beautiful and distant land, favorable to composition. The author proposed to himself, in writing this work, a subject that has ever been held one of the most difficult and refined, and which is virgin in the imaginative literature of every country—namely, the development and formation of the poetic character." The autobiographical form was adopted as a necessary condition of a successful fulfilment. "It seemed the only instrument that could penetrate the innermost secrets of the brain and heart in a being whose thought and passion were so much cherished in loneliness, and revealed often only in solitude. What narrative by a third person could sufficiently paint the melancholy and brooding childhood, the first indications of the predisposition, the growing consciousness of power, the reveries, the loneliness, the doubts, the moody misery, the ignorance of art, the failures, the despair? . . . Gradually," he continues, the book "has gained the sympathy of the thoughtful and the refined, and it has had the rare fortune of being cherished by great men." The German poet Heine pronounced it one of the most original works ever written.

"Contarini Fleming" is assuredly among the most perfect of English novels. It is a great prose poem, poetic in conception, in tone, in characters, in incidents, in style. Contarini himself, in all his moods and mental struggles, is admirably depicted. The conflict between his Venetian nature and his Swedish position, "the combination that connected in one being Scandinavia and the South, and made the image of a distant and most romantic city continually act upon a nervous temperament, surrounded by the snows and forests of the North," is finely conceived, and very happily carried out. Its successful execution was doubtless in great part due to the fact that the author wrote, not entirely from imagination, but from the vivid consciousness of his own refined and subtle Oriental and Italian nature, immersed in the chill atmosphere of prosaic England. The style of the book is worthy of the theme. It is animated and graceful, rich and melodious, though it may be a little too ornate for critical taste. The conversations are vivacious and easy, and the descriptions of scenery and of countries and cities, in which it abounds, singularly fine and effective, though brief. Its descriptions of Venice, of Florence, of Pisa, of Spain, Constantinople, Asia Minor, and Egypt, have never been surpassed in equal compass.

"Alroy"—"The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," as it was at first called—is, still more than "Contarini Fleming," a poem in prose. It is an Oriental romance of the twelfth century, founded on the extraordinary adventures of David Alroy, a Hebrew prince of the house of David, who claimed to be Messiah, and excited an insurrection of the Jews against the Seljukian rulers of the decaying caliphate. Its historical foundation is probably very slight; but, as a dramatic picture of Eastern manners, character, and scenery, of Hebrew belief, Hebrew superstitions, and Hebrew aspirations, it has very high value. The passionate and picturesque elements of Oriental life, the strange vicissitudes, the rapid revolutions, the barbaric magnificence, the prodigious pomp, the incredible successes, the overwhelming disasters of Oriental history, are depicted in the most glowing and graceful style, with singular boldness and warmth, and yet with consummate tact and delicacy. Warriors and priests, merchants and robbers, kings and courtiers, fanatics and intriguers, fair princesses and inspired prophetesses, are brought upon the scene in the most vivid and animated manner. The scenery of the desert, of the mighty mountain-range of Elburz, of the fair and fertile plains of the Tigris, the life of the harem, of the court of the caliph, of the camp of the bandit and of the soldier, are described with a versatile power, not surpassed in literature, and sufficient of itself to entitle the author to very high rank as a poet. The supernatural element, so consonant with the traditions of the Hebrews and the genius of the East, is introduced

freely, and always with artistic skill and striking effect. Among the many powerfully-drawn characters of the romance, we have space only to allude to the subtle and accomplished Honain, one of the most original and refined creations in the whole range of English fiction. In the profundity of its conception, and the rare and delicate genius of its execution, "Alroy" rises above the common herd of novels, and takes rank with the few great poems of the world. It has to be studied, to be justly appreciated in its full scope and purpose, and will, we are confident, when better known, attain eventually an enduring fame. As a delineation of Oriental life and character, it is rivalled only by a subsequent work of the author, "Tancred," in which the present life and manners of Syria are described with equal skill, but in a more subdued style than that of "Alroy," and with a curious blending and contrast of Eastern and Western thought and feeling. In "Alroy," the author is only a poet, though a very great one. In "Tancred," he has become a statesman, without ceasing to be also a poet.

"Henrietta Temple," published three or four years after "Alroy," is a love-story, pure and simple, and a very charming one. Its heroine, who gives name to the novel, is one of those exquisitely gracious and refined women whom Disraeli loves to depict, and who are nowhere found in greater perfection than in his pages. It contains also one of his most agreeable creations in the character of Count Mirabel, whose unflagging vivacity, good-nature, and gay, good sense, are very amusing. The love-letters of the book are singularly successful specimens of a difficult kind of composition, and throughout the work the fervor of youthful passion is happily expressed without any thing like mawkishness or sentimentality.

"Venetia" is the most purely literary of Mr. Disraeli's novels. It is an attempt to "shadow forth two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter times"—Byron and Shelley—who are represented under the names of Lord Cadurcis and Marmion Herbert. To Herbert, however, are assigned many of the incidents of Byron's history, and to Cadurcis the melancholy termination of Shelley's life by drowning in the Mediterranean. Herbert is represented as separated from his wife; and his daughter Venetia, who gives name to the novel, is, like Ada Byron, brought up in ignorance of her father and his unhappy career. The time of the novel, also, is thrown back to the period of the American Revolution, before either Byron or Shelley was born. In other respects, the story of the two great and unhappy poets is very closely followed. With the general run of novel-readers, "Venetia" and "Henrietta Temple" will probably be the most popular of the author's works.

The last four novels of Mr. Disraeli, "Coningsby," "Sybil," "Tancred," and "Lothair," are all somewhat political in their character, and deal to some extent with great social and religious questions. They are more mature in thought and subdued in style than his earlier works. "Coningsby" is very brilliant and powerful. It has great wit and more humor than the author usually displays. The sketch of "The Right Honorable Nicholas Rigby" is a masterpiece of satire, and the character of "Sidonia" a fine conception admirably carried out.

"Sybil" is in some respects a sequel to "Coningsby," and is perhaps more attractive to the general reader. It has great variety, its scenes and characters ranging from the highest patrician circles to the lowest depth of social degradation. It contains a startling picture of the misery of the lower orders of England, very striking in itself, and very significant as proceeding from the authentic pen of one of her most eminent statesmen.

"Tancred, or the New Crusade," we have already alluded to in its oriental aspect. The "New Crusade" is that of a young English nobleman, who seeks to discover at the fountain-head the source and meaning of the great Asian mystery, and sets out accordingly for the Holy Land, like his chivalrous ancestors of the twelfth century. He there falls in with the mysterious Ansarey, an obscure and singular Syrian tribe, adhering to ancient paganism, of whom a most interesting and original description is given. The English part of the novel, with which it begins, is very charming for its easy grace and pleasant satire of the prevalent follies of the day. Nothing can be better than the Darwinian young lady who has read "The Revelations of Chaos," which explains every thing, and shows you exactly how a star is formed, and who believes that we were once fishes and shall yet be crows. Equally good is the fashionable lady who mingles sentiment with stock-jobbing, and is prostrated in the presence of her romantic lover by a telegram announcing a fall in the shares of a railroad.

"Lothair," the latest, but, let us hope, not the last of Mr. Disraeli's

novels, is less political than its immediate predecessors. English politics, in fact, scarcely enter into it at all except in a few Fenian sketches. Its hero, Lord Lothair, is, like Tancred, a young English nobleman of the highest rank and of enormous wealth, one of whose guardians during his orphan majority was a Jesuit, who is a cardinal of the Church of Rome, and who strives to bring his ward over to Romanism. For this purpose he employs all the arts and wiles of the Jesuits, which are narrated very minutely, and with the author's highest skill. Lothair, after a series of adventures, in which Colonel Campian, an American, and his Italian wife Theodora, are conspicuous, joins the Garibaldian army which sought in 1867 to drive the pope from Rome, is initiated into the great secret revolutionary societies of "the Mary Anne," and the "Madre Natura," and, desperately wounded in the battle of Mentone, falls into the hands of the papal forces, and is consigned to the care of his Jesuit friends in Rome. They renew their efforts to convert him, and by strange and varied arts very nearly succeed. He escapes, however, first to Sicily; then in an open boat to Malta, where, under English protection, he baffles the pursuit of the Jesuits, and embarks for the East and visits Jerusalem. His experiences there are narrated in the author's best style, and are very peculiar and curious. We shall not, however, forestall the reader by disclosing any more of the story, which will be found a highly interesting one in itself, and which cannot fail to be very popular, touching as it does on so many topics of current interest, among others on spiritualism, of which some striking instances occur in its pages. Its perusal has satisfied us that, in the interval of nearly a quarter of a century since he published his last novel, Mr. Disraeli's invention has not lost its force, nor his hand its cunning, and has strengthened our conviction that he is destined to a high and enduring reputation in literature at least, if not in history, and that long after English power has decayed and English ministries passed into oblivion, his brilliant pictures of English life and character will survive, and that "far climes and distant ages will respond to the magic of his sympathetic page."

THE RIVER.

BEAUTIFUL river,
With sunlight quiver,
Rippling, and dimpling, and sparkling forever!
Where the cool forests meet,
Kissing the mountains' feet,
Thou, through the valley sweet,
Hast'ning with footsteps fleet,
Loitering never!

Musical river,
Rhythmical ever,
Pathetic, passionate, discordant never!
Ah! I remember well,
Better than tongue can tell,
How, like a fairy-bell
Ringing its silvery knell,
Came thy soft, trem'ulous tones floating forever!

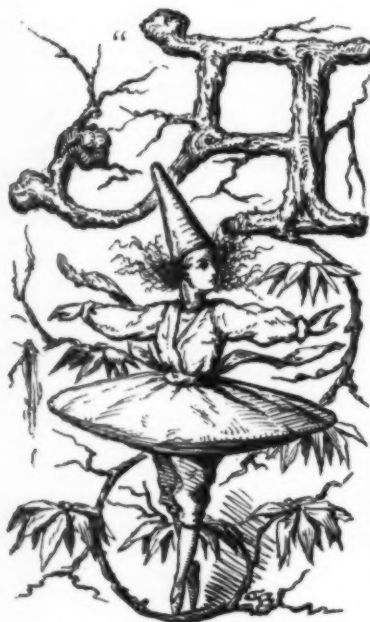
Bountiful river—
Bless we thy Giver!—
Useful and busy as beautiful ever!
Where the tall chimneys kneel,
Turning the giant wheel,
Whirling the rapid reel,
Floating the vessel's keel,
Indolent never!

Wonderful river,
Despairing never,
Thou dost teach man what he can to endeavor!
Yet at his weakness mock,
And, with mad, fleecy flock,
Down over walls of rock,
Plunging with thund'rous shock,
Exultant, all conqu'ring, rush on forever!

Icy-cold river,
Thou dost oft sever
Hearts of affection to meet again never!
Children and mother,
Sister and brother,
Many a loved one from arms of her lover:
Thou, in a stately march,
Under the bridge's arch,
Sweeping majestic, and holding thy breath,
As mortals, in
Silence, sweep under the archway of Death!

Mystical river,
With moonbeams aquiver,
Or, darkling with shadows, still flowing ever!
So on Life's billow
Shine we or shiver,
Sparkling with gladness, or under grief's willow,
Dashed over rocks, or with moss for our pillow—
Still onward flowing,
Unknown, unknowing
Whitherward going,
Save to the Giver,
Omniscient of life and the beautiful river!

WHIRLING DERVISHES.



manias, the "round-dances." We are begged to believe them a sinful waste of time and muscle, an abomination in the sight of common decency and of common-sense; and that the evil personage, who is the father of lies, is parent of these as well. But doubters will be found for whom it is hard to believe that Solomon was radically wrong in his premise, or that the way of life must be thorny and sprinkled with tears and resonant of groans. Still, it must be admitted that dancing in excess is bad. So is walking; so is eating. And her champions proclaim that she of the twinkling feet does more good than counterbalances her slight improprieties. Further, they do assert that those who most revile her are would-be devotees on whom her grace does not descend. And, as in all mooted points of morals or manners, the war is fierce—growing more furious with each generation, and certainly faster with each succeeding season. There are more dancing people than there were; they dance harder, later, faster, than they did; they dance at odd times and places, young or old, in

or out of season. On the other hand, the non-dancers—from at first elevating their eyes, or at most holding up their palms—now breathe denunciations loud and deep, and write scathing essays against the abomination.

With the moral question involved, this is neither the time nor place to interfere; but the material fact stares us in the face, that dancing is, at this writing, more popular, all the world over, than ever before. Like sin, and cold in the head, it is not confined by geographical boundaries; like beggary and falling in love, its thriving depends upon no special atmosphere. That unique fanatic of the East, the Whirling Dervish, spins with as great velocity as ever; the red-man of our prairies dances his scalp-dance as joyously, his peace-dance as grimly, as of yore. Under whispering olives and overloaded vines, dark-eyed villagers assemble at evening, and move through graceful *contradanza* and stately *bolero*, to the tinkling of the immemorial guitar. Fanned by the spice-laden breezes of the Golden Horn, the dreamy Turk forgets even to puff his beloved *nargileh*, as he follows, with motionless ecstasy, the voluptuous *pose* of the hennaed and kohl-ed *Almech*. In the dusky shadow of crumbling Thebes—beneath the stony frown of the ox-horned Isis herself—dwells the burning-eyed *Ghawasee*, living only to wile the soul of man, and faint herself in the lascivious witchery of her wondrous dance. Cool-blooded England dances laboriously at Melbourne and at John O'Groats' house. Scotch reels are things of history; and what Irishman but would "cover the buckle" with never a potato in the cabin? while the fair-haired swells of the Guards hold in quite equal estimation their triumphs over the waxed floor and those of the dark days before Inkermann. And as for sunny, laughter-loving France—she is nothing if not dancing. Imperial Paris lavishes millions on the gilt and glitter that bedeck the fairy-land ballets with which the second empire soothes its fretful children; imperial Paris sees, pockets her lorgnette and her scruples, retires to *salon* of minister—to Mabile—to—where?—and dances madly, too. And that the head of the world's fashion smiles upon it, we have only to remember that the marquis who married *La Diva* was famous principally for his debts and his dancing! Perhaps she had not paid the former, had not the latter made him—enviable pinnacle!—leader of the empress's *cotillon*.

There is no reason that an otherwise clever and cultivated gentleman may not possess, besides, the ease and practice to make him foremost in this graceful accomplishment; but then Society receives and blesses him, not because of his other attributes, but rather in spite of them. She accepts the gift of his heels, caring little for those of his heart, and with a silent but decided protest against those of his head. The emperor may be ill, Wall Street may be in a spasm, and the next-door neighbor may be inventoried for the red flag. What cares she? T. Totum, Esq., still spins with inconceivable rapidity at Mrs. Aurifer Midas's select *soirée*.

The origin of dancing is, of course, unknown. Whose light toe was first fantastic must ever remain a mystery with those of Eleusis; for its antiquity is far beyond that of spoken or recorded tradition. We are only left to theorize that dancing was the spontaneous effort of undeveloped man to express, by gesture, joy or sorrow. All early nations were, to a certain extent, hieroglyphic; all strove to express an idea by a visible symbol; and the lessons of the Pyramids, of Nineveh, and of Aztec Mexico, teach us that drawing was the parent of which writing came. So the impulse that urged the savage to convey his calmer thought by a rude drawing, would have taught him to give the more pressing emotion sound or gesture. We still find that the weaker of the modern languages abound in gesture; those possessing the poorer vocabularies demanding that face, shoulders, and arms, shall aid the inefficient speech. The Italian or the Portuguese to-day speaks as much with his hands as he does with his tongue.

We constantly see those pocket-editions of the savage man—spoiled children—stamp with rage and caper with delight. Who shall tell what antic, far among the shadows of the unclothed and uncooked past, was the parent of the dance?

In many portions of the Old Testament, dancing is mentioned as a simple matter of course. Pharaoh's daughter, dancing to the bath, finds the destined liberator among the bulrushes; the children of Israel celebrate their passage of the Red Sea by a dance upon the hither shore; Aaron sets them up a golden calf, and they dance round it—an example faithfully followed since in all climes; David, their warrior, statesman, and king, dances before the Ark; and the elders of Benjamin counsel their young men to abduct the maidens of Shiloh,

dancing at evening in the fields—a procedure that might lead the thinker to doubt if the Roman lawgiver had not read the Bible before the rape of the Sabines.

In the remotest nooks, whence science has traced tradition, we find dancing already a settled institution. The eldest Pharaohs lead chains of dancing captives after their cars on many a mural monument. The most ancient manuscripts, preserved by the Chinese from the mustiness of their earliest civilization, show that music and dancing were important departments of state in the Celestial Empire. Japan dances to-day the self-same measure, to the thrumming of the very *tum-tum*, that the founders of her state enjoyed somewhere about the birth of Time.

The youth of Sparta and the soldiers of Crete danced to the assault, keeping time to a rude measure they chanted. We can, however, imagine their steps only a crude *pas gymnastique*—an ungraceful version of that "Shanghai-drill," that so delights the bosoms of our maidens, as performed by the bone and sinew of our volunteers. In the high Grecian civilization, we learn that Socrates hied him to the bower of Asia, and, under her teachings, learned—

"To nimbly caper in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleatings of a lute,"

or lyre. The highest Grecian idea of grace was drawn from the pose of the dancer; for the most perfect of their recovered statues is the god of the dance, and their most cunning chisel wrought the dancing-faun.

But, in the Roman era, dancing became unfashionable among the great, and was almost given over to the slaves and actors who amused them at their feasts. The straiter laced of the period made the dance a butt for shafts of invective or ridicule, being apparently as much in earnest as more modern prudes, who perhaps made such their prototypes. Cicero gravely reprehends the sport in Gabinus, declaring it beneath his consular dignity; and Sallust assures Sempronius that to dance so well invites a doubt of her being an honest woman. King-ley, too, in his "Hypatia"—that wonderful picture of the wonderful city—shows the ineffable disdain of the philosopher for the dancer.

It was only in the middle ages that a sort of order crept into the dance. What had hitherto been an unarranged gymnastic, dependent wholly on individual power, now first came under general rules; and, as language and music before it, the dance began to possess a grammar of motion. Then it once more came under the patronage of the great—became the fashion. At the French and Spanish—and later at the English—courts, the formal measures of *minuet* and *polonoise* were walked on all state occasions, first by royalty itself, and then by the highest in the land. Some time later, the *coranto* and *galliard* varied these by intruding their livelier ideas; next the *waltz* was introduced; and, finally, such strange results of search after novelty as the *garotte* and *lavolta*.

In a poem, published about the close of the sixteenth century, we find a description of the latter dance, which brings it into near relationship with the polka of to-day, proving that this age has no right to letters-patent for this invention. Queen Elizabeth, if not a polker herself, most probably had the dance performed before her, for the description of the poem is exact:

"Yet is there one—a most delightful kind—
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round;
Where arm-in-arm two dancers are entwined,
And whirl themselves, with strict embracements bound.
And still their feet an anapæ do sound—
An anapæst is all their music's song—
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long."

The "anapæst" here plainly marks the peculiarity of the polka-step; and we are at liberty to picture to ourselves the knightly Sidney, "our burly cousin Burleigh," or the gentle Raleigh, doing a back-step, at the bidding of Leicester, for the delectation of the royal guest of Kenilworth.

The descent may be long—but it is rapid—from the glittering pageants of chivalry to the glaring ones of "shoddy." A lustrum or two since, "our best society" was agitated to its centre. Polka, like Harlequin unrehearsed, bounded over the head of all the proprieties, twirled round upon her toe, to the wonderment of the elect, and then settled comfortably down in their midst. Polka, the daughter of Progress, was not to be put down as her more quiet cousin-german had been. She knew that to do was but to dare; and, acting on the knowledge, she succeeded. Years before, the waltz, "imported from the Rhine," had become the feature of every May-day frolic on the

village-greens in England. But her capital did not embrace the stranger with great fervor. Almack's had already replaced the minuet of the previous generation by the stiff quadrille, and, though a daring few encouraged the waltz, they could not sustain her long. Prim Propriety, of the strictly British stamp, refused to heed the whispers of that comely maiden, Common-sense; there were mysterious allusions to the Scarlet Woman; and the graceful child of Germany and Spain was voted a licentious gypsy, fit only for banishment to Mabilie, or at best for a corner of Cremorne. So the waltz, as all persecuted things of the Old World had done before her, fled across the water to us; though in her case the reception was a little different. Here, too, she was voted impure by the modesty of the period.

But immaculate Society even then enjoyed its noble and elevating recreations. Then, as now, Mrs. Aurifer Midas would be "at home" on stated evenings; then, as now, Mr. Aurifer Midas would do his duty to Society as, groaning, he signed the heavy check for the yearly "crush." Nightly would the invariable Belinda deck her hair with pearls, drape her shapely bust with transparent illusion, and see that she was ravishly *bottée*. Nightly would the inevitable T. Totum coax on immaculate kids, complacently examine his own feet, and plunge through the crowd to seek Belinda's, and lead them through funeral quadrilles. Dowagers donned diamonds and laces; papas groaned into unwonted dress-coats and unbanded white vests; and the world of ton jammed itself into overheated rooms to eat, drink, and be merry—if practicable.

Then, as now, Mrs. Aurifer Midas's ball was always a success. There was the same display of diamonds and bust; much eating and drinking; more buzz and malice. The names of the most noted, eked out with stars, were duly chronicled, and dresses were commented on, in the *Weekly Spatterer*; and sundry young gentlemen "slept at a friend's."

Still, an undefined and misty idea prevailed that the ball was not all it should be; that something might perhaps have made it pleasanter. If the inevitable T. Totum had any mind it was haunted by a suspicion—and he whispered it to the invariable Belinda—that goblin croquettes, bibbing Burgundy, and walking dismal "squares," was not, after all, the acme of party enjoyment.

The inevitable T. Totum whispered this rank treason, and—the revolution came! None could tell whence, when, how; but, like a flash of heat-lightning from the surcharged cloud of dulness brooding over Society, it came—and the "German" was born!

EMERSON'S NEW VOLUME.

AFTER a lapse of ten years, Emerson has made another draft upon his portfolio, and given us twelve more chapters upon the old, old themes—twelve more of those terse, epigrammatic essays of sense, poetry, and philosophy, all compact.

Many of these papers the author has had in pickle a long time, as they are seasoned through and through with the Emersonian sal. Perhaps, indeed, they savor a little more of the mere brine of Emerson's style, so to speak, than any former collection of his writings or speakings. They savor unmistakably of the lecture-room, and of the disciplining which they have undergone before hundreds of sharp, intellectual New-England audiences. They bristle all over with point and epigram. Every sentence has been trained down to its fighting-weight; not one superfluous word, not a particle of adipose tissue, anywhere. All is sinew and fibre, tense, braided, sharply articulated, yet (if it be necessary to make the qualification) nervous rather than muscular—the expression of soul, and not of mere logical strength—a lesson in moral and literary hygiene, rather than on any lower plane.

Each of these papers has a history, and few of Emerson's readers, we imagine, will believe the little fiction of the publishers, that most of them are now in print for the first time; for, do we not smell them out wherever they appear, and, having read them once, is their flavor ever gone from the mind afterward?

The first one, which names the collection, was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, some years ago. "Civilization," "Eloquence," "Books," and "Old Age," were also printed in the *Atlantic*, after doing duty for several years in the lecture-room. "Art" is an old *Dial* paper, and is the runt of the litter. It is perhaps contemporaneous in the mind of the author with the chapter on the same subject in the

first series of the Essays, but is of much less value. "Domestic Life" is also from the pages of the *Dial*, and deserves a place alongside of "Friendship" and "Love," in the Essays. "Works and Days" is one of a series of lectures which Emerson delivered in Boston in 1859. Other subjects of the course were "Manners," "Morals," "Criticism," "Instinct and Inspiration," and "Mental Temperance." The first named is included in "The Conduct of Life," but the remaining four, and we hope many others like them, are still held in reserve for some future volume. "Farming," "Clubs," "Courage," and "Success," of the present collection, are veterans of the lecture-season, but, we believe, have never before been in print.

As a whole, the series is perhaps not quite so valuable as the former one, "The Conduct of Life." As the cook says, it has more the air of a "picked-up" dinner. No one knows better than Emerson himself that he has long ago had his say, and that he has nothing essentially new to add. Like all eminent writers, his mind has its water-shed, so to speak, and his thoughts tend inevitably in certain directions or channels, and these channels and all the attendant topographical features are clearly defined in his former works. He returns perpetually to the old themes—nature, character, illusion, compensation, great men, self-reliance, the sufficiency of the moral law, etc.—and it is not so much new thought that he has now to offer on these subjects, as new and agreeable changes and variations. There are certain formulas of great names also that he never tires of repeating, as Plato, Bacon, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, or this bolder classification—Buddh, Confucius, Moses, Jesus. No author that ever lived was less a plausible, extemporaneous writer. What Emerson has said he was born to say, and it has the force and sanction of his entire nature. In other words, he is one of those writers, the rarest and most precious of all, who speak more from their character and constitution, than from any special literary knack or talent, and hence is in greater danger of repeating himself.

He said long ago that "man can paint, or make, or think, nothing but man." No single remark applies more fully to himself. He preaches incessantly, though it must be admitted that it is the best preaching this generation has listened to. And he follows his own doctrine. "Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher," he says, in one of these late papers; "don't bewail and bemoan, omit the negative propositions, nerve us with incessant affirmation." Again, "To awaken in man and to raise the sense of worth, to educate his feelings and judgment so that he shall scorn himself for a bad action, that is the only aim." That is his theory, and that is certainly the moral effect of his writings upon those who are eligible to their deepest meanings. It is not by the method of the prosy moralists, that is, by argument and precept, that he influences the reader, but by his impassioned, imaginative treatment of the moral law. His words are steeped in the very essence of noble acting and thinking, and they go beyond the mind into the conscience and character of the reader. Indeed, the essential vitality of his writings as a whole is wonderful. A page so concrete and intensely realistic, yet exhaling such a subtle, potent, and pervasive idealism!—so full of nouns, and verbs, and homely images, and figures, yet affording such a fine, delicious tonic to the moral and religious sense! One reason of this is, that, however compact his style, his thought never crystallizes, his epigram never glitters. There is no crystalline brilliancy and perfection, but the perfection of germs, of grain, of acorns, so that the spirit retains the sense after the memory has lost the words.

Nevertheless, when Emerson goes into print, we would gladly have him drop the style of the lecturer, and resume that of the essayist. If any thing, these lectures have too much point, and not enough drift. It seems as if verbal emphasis had been arrived at, at the expense of the total effect. An audience must be pleased every moment, but a good reader can afford to wait, and holds by the general result. In Emerson's earlier writings, and perhaps in all first-rate prose, there are many passages that are necessarily preliminary, that clear the ground and lay the foundation; or, to vary the image, that conduct the reader along an uneventful way, till of a sudden the prospect opens, and vast truths and principles lie before him. Nothing pleases a reader more than this—to be placed in a commanding position, with reference to an author's facts and statements. But it seems as if Emerson does this less than he used to. He does not conduct us to the heights, but brings the heights (and they are the heights) down to us. Hence, in the majority of these papers, there seem to be no primary truths or principles duly controlling, under-running and out-running the secondary,

but for the most part every sentence begins and ends where it is made, and the key of the whole is never found.

We make this remark less as an objection or as a criticism than with a desire to point out a specific difference between our author's earlier and later writings—perhaps we should say, his early writings and his late speakings. The latter are brilliant and suggestive, full of idiom and nerve and force; but the former are this, and more. Our pleasure in the latter is momentary—on the instant, and every instant alike; the value of "Works and Days," we may say, is in its separate and individual passages, not in its effect as a whole. But in "Nature," or the "Addresses," or the Essays, or in "English Traits," the pleasure of the reader is cumulative, deepens and widens as he goes on, and he feels that he has not only been entertained and instructed on the way, but that he has been conducted to large and important results.

This distinction, however, does not apply to all the papers of this collection. The essays on "Eloquence," on "Domestic Life," and on "Books," have the old, steady, tranquil flow, and every page gives an added impetus to the reader's mind.

Aside from their manner or style, some persons think they see in Emerson's later writings a decided falling off from his high spiritual aims and atmosphere—in fact, that his horse of the sun has become a little jaded and earth-stained. But we do not think this is so. True, he sounds a different key in these conversations, as we may call them, is more practical and direct, has more to say about society, manners, politics, our material greatness, mechanical inventions, the conduct of life, etc.; but this becomes him also. His standard is as high as ever, his aim as unworldly. Must he always be celebrating genius? Shall he not say something for tact and talent, also? Having enlarged on the uses of great men, shall he not speak an encouraging word for common folk? Having discoursed on literary ethics, and pointed out the duties and the province of the scholar, may he not glorify farming, or talk about clubs, especially since these subjects acquire new dignity and importance in his handling of them?

But his eyes are always open to the two sides of the question. It is impossible to corner him; he is on all sides of the field. You think, for instance, he is insisting too strongly upon the value of society to the scholar; but the next moment he is putting in just as strong a claim for solitude. You think you have caught him overrating our material advantages, modern comforts and appliances; but wait a moment, and you shall see how he punctures this bladder: "What have these arts done for the character, for the worth of mankind? Are men better? It is sometimes questioned whether morals have not declined, as the arts have ascended. Here are great arts, and little men. Now that the machine is so perfect, the engineer is nobody." In reading the essay on "Clubs," it is plain the author sets too high a value on conversation, on wit, on a talent for repartee: "To answer a question so as to admit of no reply, is the test of a man—to touch bottom every time." But, before he has done, he says we cannot afford to be superfine, and quotes approvingly the words of a traveller of excellent sense, who confessed he liked low company, and found the society of gypsies more attractive than that of bishops: "The black-coats are good company only for black-coats."

Yet it is, no doubt, in this direction that we touch bottom in Emerson. It would be an ungrateful task to criticise him in any case. In fact, there is no room for criticism. He has no specific faults. He is what he is—perfectly consistent throughout. But, of course, he has his limitations; and we often find ourselves asking if there is not a larger truth than is contained in his word-culture, at least a truth more vital to the race and to the country at the present time. With all his admiration for practical power and for strong personalities, his ideal is finally the scholar, the man of books, of wit, and conversation; and it is to these things that he responds most readily. A curious illustration of this is his placing Plato above Homer, the critical intellect absorbed in the contemplation of great truths above the fresh-bounding blood and mighty volition of man immersed in great events. There can be no question but Plato and his like are a later and in one sense a riper result than Homer and his like; but are they not also farther from the fountains of power, of empire, of health, of wholeness? In the reflective, speculative mind, do not the currents of being begin to set in the other way from action, from longevity, etc.? The flower of the race is not the philosopher, but the singer, the poet; the sum of all good is not knowledge, but motive, volition—in short, fulness of life. Especially is the want of the modern world not ideas,

but personal qualities; and Emerson's glorification of the scholar, the thinker, the man of ideas, needs to be mildly antidoted by the statement that man, viewed as a living, moving, sensuous being, is at the "top of his condition" before the meditative philosopher has yet emerged, and while all creeds and systems are held in vital fusion, nerving the will, and not detaching themselves at the intellect.

TABLE-TALK.

THE immortality of the soul is so conclusively established in the teachings of Christianity, that an attempt to prove it on grounds apart from revelation must naturally seem to most minds a mere labor of supererogation—even if it be not one of irreverence; but, as evidence of the curious themes the human mind can invent, we would call the attention of our readers to a most remarkable theory propounded by the late Dr. Ivan Slavonski, a very distinguished Russian mathematician, in which he attempts to give "Mathematical and Physical Proof of the Immortality of Man." But it is not immortality, as we ordinarily understand it, that the learned mathematician believed himself to have established, for his "mathematical and physical" proof consigns us for vast and indefinite periods of years to utter oblivion, but recalls us upon the stage of life at regular recurring eras, to reenact our little drama of existence—to be born again, to enjoy, to suffer, to die, exactly as we are now born, and as we now enjoy, suffer, and die. We will endeavor to make Dr. Slavonski's extraordinary theory clear to the reader in as few words as possible. Dr. Slavonski asserts the atomic theory of the universe. The world is composed of a limited and definite number of indivisible atoms. Atoms are defined as the smallest existing portion of matter. The infinite divisibility of matter has been asserted by some philosophers, but Dr. Slavonski asks pertinently whether or not there is the smallest existent portion of matter. To say there is *not*, is to say there is a portion of matter smaller than itself, which is an evident absurdity. The universe being composed of a definite number of atoms, these are ceaselessly undergoing change of place, constantly combining in new forms, and with variable results. But, the question arises, Into how many possible forms may these atoms be arranged, and, when every variation of form is expressed, must not former combinations recur? The letters *a* and *b*, for instance, can only be formed into *ab* and *ba*; the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, give six variations, or permutations, which are *abc*, *acb*, *bac*, *bca*, *cab*, *cba*. Two things may be arranged by pairs in four ways, as *a* and *b* can be placed *aa*, *ab*, *ba*, and *bb*. These letters may be varied by pairs nine ways, and, as evidence "of the number of combinations of a few things taken by twos, by threes, by fours, and so on, it is only necessary to state that in this way the letters of the alphabet would give 1,391,724,288,887,252,999,425,128,493,402,200 changes, and not one more. This result is definitely fixed by the law of their arrangement." And, just as there is a law of limitation in the combination of three, six, or twenty-six letters, so there must also be a law of limitation in the combination of any number of items or atoms. There must come a time, then, according to this rule, when all possible place-changes of the atoms composing the universe will have been exhausted, and Nature must return to forms or combinations that have previously existed. This theory, the reader will understand, asserts that the time *must* come "when the earth will be in the same condition it is at this moment, and that it has already been a vast number of times. The geological eras which have made it what it is, will again work out their necessary results, and man will appear again, each individual being precisely the same individual he is now, born of the same parents, be reared under the same circumstances, and live the same life." This surprising theory assumes, it will be noted, that each person is no more than a "fortuitous congregation of atoms," and entirely eliminates all conception of soul or spirit. The vast interregnum between each of our eras of existence is described as in no way affecting us, because we should be unconscious of the duration of time. Of what that duration may be, we can form some sort of breathless guess when we recall what we have already told of the number of combinations the English alphabet is capable of. If any one would like to estimate how many years must elapse before the world returns to its old courses, and things that have been shall once more be, let him assume the largest possible number his imagination can grasp as a possible enumeration of the number of atoms in the universe, and then let him apply the rule of

permutations, which is as follows: To find, say, the permutations of two letters, multiply one by two; of three letters, multiply one by two, and the result by three; of four letters, multiply one by two, the result by three, and the last result by four. Seven letters will give five thousand and forty possible changes—and with this start we hope some of our industrious readers will ascertain the time when our earthly turn ought to come around again. But how strange and startling is this proposition! If it assumes that, at each recurring era, we should be unconscious of preceding ones, then this sort of immortality is nothing to us; immortality, if it concerns us at all, must mean the perpetuation of our individuality—and if it does mean this, then Dr. Slavonski's theory is worse than any purgatory ever dreamed of. Think of men and women being compelled in ever-recurring eras to endure over and over again all their trials, struggles, disappointments, and sorrows, all their pains and ills, all their delusions and sharp disciplines. Think of calamity, and war, and famine, of crime and disease, of persecutions and cruelties, of sloth and debauchery, of oppression and wrong, being also immortal, forever and forever returning to renew their terrible history! Why, this conception of immortality renders life absolutely appalling, and may well make us hope that Dr. Slavonski's "Mathematical Proof," will be found to have omitted some important factor, by which the dire result predicted may never come about.

— A volume of poems, entitled "Portraits," by Mrs. Augusta Webster, one of the new English aspirants for poetical fame, exhibits such marked and distinctive excellence, so many notable beauties of thought and expression, that we must fain urge our readers to enjoy its perusal as we have done. "Portraits" is a series of soliloquies, in which a number of men and women relate their experience, utter their ideas of life, or describe beauties of character or of scenery. The volume presents varied and strikingly-contrasted phases of feeling, but with always a similar fullness and force of expression, and with a sustained mellow beauty of style that is extremely captivating. Two of the portraits are of classical subjects—"Medea" and "Circe"—but the others come more nearly home to modern life and experience. As a happy contrast in the author's themes, compare Circe's description of her own beauty—

"O sunlike glory of pale, glittering hairs,
Bright as the filmy wires my weavers take
To make me golden gauzes; O deep eyes,
Darker and softer than the bluest dusk
Of August violets, darker and deep
Like crystal fathomless lakes in summer noons;
O sad, sweet, longing smile; O lips that tempt
My very self to kisses; O round cheeks,
Tenderly radiant with the even flush
Of pale smoothed coral; perfect, lovely face,
Answering my gaze out from this flintless pool;
Wonder of glossy shoulders, chiselled limbs"—

with this charming picture from "The Happiest Girl in the World:—"

"When did I love him? How did I begin?
The small green spikes of snow-drop in the spring
Are there one morning ere you think of them;
Still we may tell what morning they pierced up:
June rosebuds stir and open stealthily,
And every new-blown rose is a surprise;
Still we can date the day when one unclosed—
But how can I tell when my love began?
Oh! was it like the young, pale twilight star
That quietly breaks on the vacant sky,
Is sudden there and perfect while you watch;
And, though you watch, you have not seen it dawn,
The star that only waited and awoke."

"A Castaway" is one of those social tragedies of which the world is too full; but the poem in which "A Dilettante" confesses and defends his love of ease and of the beautiful has some passages of singular beauty. This philosopher, who takes "his life as he has found it," asks why he should "sally forth to hack and hew at wildernesses," and believes that we often waste our part of life "on impotent fool's battles with the winds," that "will blow as they list" in spite of us, tells the following exquisite story:

"Hear a tale.
There was a little shallow brook that ran
Between low banks, scarcely a child's leap wide,
Feeding a foot or two of bordering grass,
And, here and there, some tufts of water-flowers
And crosses, and tall sedge, rushes and reeds;

And, where it bubbled past a poor man's cot,
 He and his household came and drank of it,
 And all the children loved it for its flowers,
 And counted it a playmate made for them:
 But, not far off, a sandy, arid waste,
 Where, when a winged seed rested, or a bird
 Would drop a grain in passing, and it grew,
 It presently must droop and die athirst,
 Spread its scorched, silent leagues to the fierce sun:
 And once a learned man came by and saw,
 And 'Lo!' said he, 'what space for corn to grow,
 Could we send vivifying moistures here,
 And look, this wanton, misdirected brook
 Watering its useless weeds!' So had it turned,
 And made a channel for it through the waste;
 But its small waters could not feed that drought,
 And, in the wide, unshadowed plain, it lagged,
 And shrank away, sucked upward of the sun
 And downward of the sands. So the new bed
 Lay dry, and dry the old; and the parched reeds
 Grew brown and withered, the stunted rushes drooped,
 The cresses could not root in that slacked soil,
 The blossoms and the sedges died away,
 The greenness shrivelled from the dusty banks,
 The children missed their playmate and the flowers,
 And thirsted in hot noontides for the draught
 Grown over-precious now their mother went
 A half-mile to the well to fill her pails;
 And not two ears of corn the more were green."

A far different poem from "The Dilettante" is the one called "The Tired," and yet the moral is not essentially different; for, while "The Dilettante" tells us of the uselessness of any philosophy but that which accepts life as it is, "The Tired" passionately declaims upon those evils which the conventions and prejudices of society prevent us from reforming. But we cannot here enter into the themes of the eleven poems comprising this volume, each distinctive in its purpose, and crowded with its own peculiar beauties. We have quoted a few excerpts, in order to give our readers a pleasant sample of the poet's style. The book has not been reprinted in this country, but the English edition may be obtained.

— The London *Spectator* urges the importance of an "academy of fashion," or of some power that would act as a critical authority on fashions, and extinguish those that are in bad taste, or which are immodest and meretricious. "A powerful critic of fashion," it says, "a fashion-leader who, with a clear head, an artist's eye, and a good but not prudish character, devoted herself not to set but to criticize 'the fashion,' who performed with effect the duty literary men perform so ineffectually, who could make her 'bad too' a sentence, and then exercise her power with reserve, would be a valuable institution just now in any capital of Europe, and we recommend the post as one worthy of any great lady's ambition. It would require a very curious combination of qualities and accidents, of ability and position, of taste and popularity, but it might, we suppose, be won, like every thing else, and the competitors would not be the less eager because they must in a great measure win it for themselves." It may be considered certain that no individual could exert sufficient authority to veto the caprices of fashion; the critical judgment, in order to prove effectual, would have to carry with it the weight of an institution. Leaders of *ton* often originate a fashion, but they rarely can successfully veto one—for fashion has a vitality, a power, an authority, which nothing else can equal, and nothing apparently dispute. People are accustomed to assert the omnipotence of social "opinion," but how futile opinion is against fashion we all know. In some instances attacks upon certain modes have been uncandid; as in the case of the onalught on crinoline, "which," says the *Spectator*, "because it annoyed men by taking up space, was condemned as immodest, which it need not be, and ugly, which, except for very tall women, it decidedly is not. The attack failed; and so also did the one on long dresses, because the assailants ignored altogether the real argument for them, that they lend dignity to the figure." But a majority of both sexes oppose and denounce the chignon, and all canons, whether of art or Nature, support them. All men, and many women, pronounce this article of head-dress an ugly, dirty barbarism, and yet it holds its ground. "An academy of fashion," says the *Spectator*, "might put it down by simply sending through cosmopolitan society a whisper which in six weeks or so would have filtered through every grade." The *Spectator*

seems to think that opinion, so powerless against fashion in ordinary form, if coming armed with the dictum of an academy, would have absolute power. We fear this is too hopeful a view of the case. We some time since expressed the belief that ugly fashions were deliberately invented with the malicious intent of making a majority of women look frightful—the ingenious projectors depending upon an exceptional skill that would in their own cases convert the caprice into a beauty. If there is any truth in this surmise an academy of fashion would be impossible, as women of sufficient social rank would not consent to exercise that supervision over the toilets of their sisters which would be likely to make well-dressed women too common.

— Miss Maria Halleck, the venerable sister of Fitz-Greene Halleck, died last month at the advanced age of eighty-two, and was buried by the side of her gifted brother, in their native town of Guilford. The coffin was carried by six young kinsmen, and at the head of the procession walked her cousin, Charles Elliot, aged eighty-two, with a lady on his arm aged ninety-four. Many old friends of the poet from New York and New Haven attended the funeral. Miss Halleck possessed those rare conversational powers which characterized her brother, and very strongly resembled him in disposition and personal appearance. Upon the poet's retirement from New York in 1849, he went to Guilford and resided with his sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, until his death in 1867. Miss Halleck was the last of her family, and with her death the race of the poet becomes extinct.

Literary Notes.

MESSES. D. APPLETON & CO. have just published "Skeleta Tours through England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Spain, with various ways of getting from place to place, the time occupied, and the cost of each journey to a party of four. With some of the principal things to see, especially country-houses." By Henry Winthrop Sargent. This *brochure* is a very admirable little volume for the purpose designed. The author's style is so notably clear and direct, and his method so excellent, that, in a volume of about one hundred pages, he has managed to convey more information than can be found in many more pretentious hand-books of travel. It lays out routes of travel through the countries named—purposely omitting the beaten tracks through France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland—indicating time, expense, means of travel, and exactly what to see. Any American, for instance, following this guide through England, would really know more of that country than most Englishmen do, and "quite as much as any American traveller would care to know." The English routes include visits to all the great country-places, to the university and cathedral towns, and the watering-places and spas. The labor of making out one's own journey is often great, and always perplexing; and hence a guide like this, so full of suggestion, so simple and clear, so unencumbered with all extraneous matter, would prove invaluable to every European traveller.

In France, the issues of popular illustrated works on the physical sciences is almost beyond estimate. Among these works, those of Louis Figuier have not only enjoyed a great popularity at home, but reproduced, with English dress, have been very successful both in England and America. A sixth volume of the series, "Mammalia: their various Orders and Habits, popularly illustrated by Typical Species," has just been published here by D. Appleton & Co. This work, with the preceding issues, "The Ocean World," "The Vegetable World," "The Insect World," "The World before the Deluge," and "Birds and Reptiles," make up almost a complete library of natural history. The volumes are beautifully and copiously illustrated, and Figuier's style is animated and agreeable.

M. Beulé has recently published in Paris a volume, entitled "Titus and his Dynasty," forming the continuation of the previous volumes published by him upon "Augustus, his Family and Friends," "Tiberius and the Inheritance of Augustus," and the "Blood of Germanicus;" the four volumes forming a complete work under the title of "The Trial of the Cæsars." In an introduction, occupying the third of the volume, the eloquent writer disposes of the three ephemeral Cæsars who succeed Nero—Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. Then M. Beulé, faithful to his system in dealing with Titus, brings out with great force and brilliancy the folly and vanity of all theories in favor of personal power and individual authority. In M. Beulé's estimation, for which he gives abundant proof, Titus was a great charlatan rather than a great man.

The "Philosophy of Duty," recently published by M. Ferrar, Professor of Philosophy in Lyons University, has been approved of, and rec-

commended by the French Academy. It is a work of much merit, in which all the questions relating to the general science of duty are clearly stated and freely discussed, the method and form of reasoning throughout displayed being highly judicious; the language used is what scientific language ought to be, without harshness or false ornaments. The different views presented by the author will help the reader to draw moral science from the region of abstract theories, and to place it in that of reality for his guidance and practice in every-day life. The whole work is the fruit of a thoughtful, earnest, and independent mind, excelling in the analysis of problems, and in the elucidation of truth.

A graceful story is told of Lamartine. One day a penniless man of letters called upon him, and, informing him of his needy situation, requested the loan of a considerable sum of money. Lamartine, who was much moved by the recital, opened a drawer and gave him the amount. He then conducted his unfortunate visitor to the vestibule. The season was autumn, and, as Lamartine opened the street-door, the unfortunate author shivered in his shabby coat. A sudden idea struck Lamartine, and calling out "Monsieur, you are forgetting your overcoat," he quickly took down an overcoat that was hanging in the passage, and assisted his needy visitor to put it on with so much dexterity and grace, that the poor man, quite overcome, did not know how to refuse a gift which was so delicately offered to him.

In "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Mr. Dickens has introduced a number of characteristically Dickens-like names already. Drood is not a common or a pretty name. Jasper, the name of Edwin's uncle, is uncommon too; and, among others of the cathedral people, we have Tope, the verger; and the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, the minor canon. The dean we only know yet as Mr. Dean. At Cloisterham—what a happy name for a quiet, dull old cathedral town!—Mr. Sapsea is the auctioneer, Miss Twinkleton keeps the school at the Nuns' House, and Mr. Durdles is the local statuary.

Mr. Thomas Hood, son of "Tom" Hood, author of the "Song of the Shirt," has completed a small volume, entitled "The Rules of Rhyme," which is an attempt, not to make poets, but to teach how to construct verse. He says: "Were English versification taught at our schools, the boys would acquire a better understanding and appreciation of their own tongue. With such a training a lad would shrink from a mispronunciation as he does from a false quantity in Latin or Greek. . . . The purging of our pronunciation would be of general benefit. At present it is shifting and uncertain, because it is never taught."

The *Athenæum* records the following incident as evidence of literary taste among the million in 1870: "The writer was walking, in Somersetshire, along a road, by the side of which a new villa was in course of erection. Two of the builder's workmen were talking as they mixed some lime and water, when one, a stalwart young fellow, 'all hair and lime,' as Ben Jonson says, remarked, 'There's a book of Gladstone's I want to read: it's called "Juventus Mundi." This was a compliment that would, doubtless, have been very grateful to the premier had he heard it.'

Among the new books in press in London, the Longmans have "Westward by Rail; the New Route to the East." A volume of letters about Western America, written originally to the *London Daily News*, by Mr. W. F. Rae, who was in this country a few months ago. His letters in the *News* were very popular in England, and will doubtless be not less acceptable in book form.

M. Rudolph Genée has published, in Germany, an interesting and comprehensive history of the Shakespearian drama in Germany. The larger portion of the treatise is occupied by an analysis of the various dramas which have been founded upon Shakespeare, and the principal alterations and adaptations they have undergone—a curious contribution to the history of literary taste.

The Earl of Albemarle is engaged upon a volume of memoirs and reminiscences that will throw, it is said, a pleasant light upon a dismal period of English history—the close of the Regency and the beginning of George IV.'s reign.

The death is announced of Dr. Carl Friedrich Neumann, the well-known historian and orientalist. His principal works were "The History of the British Empire in India" and "The History of the United States."

Mr. Swinburne's new volume of poems is to be entitled "Songs before Sunrise."

A volume of Mr. Dickens's speeches, mostly those made on festive occasions, is in preparation.

The publication of the correspondence of Napoleon I. is completed, by the issue of the thirtieth volume.

Another volume of Miss Mitford's letters is to be published in the fall.

Scientific Notes.

DR. ANGUS SMITH, of Manchester, who has been studying the subject for a quarter of a century, and has examined with microscopic attention the constitution of what he aptly designates "the sewage of the atmosphere," studying the nature of the "atoms," and measuring the quantity that we take into our lungs, has found that the air of every locality is charged with the detritus of whatever material is being manipulated thereabouts. The city-man inhales iron from horses' shoes and wheel-tires, along with stone-dust and horse-refuse; the inhabitant of a cotton-spinning town breathes in filaments of the fibre that is being worked about him; the dweller in the coal-districts absorbs minute black diamonds; the railway-traveller has his throat bombarded with flakes of iron; and all of them, all of us, take poison in the shape of dormant germs of animal and plant life, which can be made to throw off their torpor and spring into active being by a few days' steeping in water. Then what we exhale! A drop of condensed breath from the wall of a crowded room develops into a busy scene of life. We are always giving out organisms. Dr. Ransome, another Manchester air-analyst, finds that an adult emits three grains' weight thereof in a day, contained in ten ounces of aqueous vapor. This may not seem much; but it was found sufficient to render the liquid highly decomposable. Doubtless, in healthy times, this lung-refuse does no harm: it may, or it may not; we have no means of judging, for we cannot tell what small disorders might vanish if we were for a season to breathe air chemically pure. But it is when disease appears that the danger comes; then it is that the seed sown broadcast by one or two infected persons taints the air far and wide with miasma. What is the remedy? It seems impossible to suggest one. Yet, at a late meeting of the French Academy, a proposal was made in the direction of a cure for a part at least of the evil. It will be evident that hospitals must cast into their surrounding atmosphere a vast amount of vitiated air, which must play some part in the spread of infection. This limpid poison might be easily arrested, and without interfering with the ventilation of the building. All that is necessary is to make the air pass through fire on its way out of the sick-ward. Tyndall showed, in his recent lecture, that the organisms are entirely destroyed by moderate heat; and it may be that a knowledge of the purifying effects of fire prompted our forefathers to keep blazing logs in the sick-room. M. Westyn was the proposer of this new system of hospital-ventilation, and the form of apparatus by which he would endeavor to effect it was simply a series of gas-burners, so placed that the issuing air must blow over them. He would have this system used at all times for hospitals; and during epidemics he would extend it in some form to infected private dwellings.

Modern astronomy has unquestionably made its greatest advances since the application of spectrum analysis. It will be remembered that of the three or four varieties under which the spectra of the fixed stars, including our sun, have been grouped, less than half indicate the presence of metallic vapors, such as constitute the body of that luminary, and a large proportion seem to be the light of inflamed gases, such as the corona which surrounds the sun during eclipses. The circumstance that many of the nebulae are similarly constituted has been considered in this connection. We have now, at last, the definite link which connects the fixed star with the nebula. The information is communicated from southern latitudes, being the result of observations on the great nebula in Argo, itself, perhaps, a centre of stellar aggregation, as its position seems to be almost a focal point of the splendors of the southern sky. In the heart of this nebula lies Eta Argus, hitherto chiefly noted as a variable star of long period. Halley described it as a star of the fourth magnitude; Lacaille subsequently observed it as of the second magnitude. Sir John Herschel went to the Cape of Good Hope in 1833, and writes respecting this star in 1835. It was then approaching its climax, and is represented nearly, if not quite, of the first magnitude. With irregular variations in appearance, its brilliancy gradually increased until 1843, when none of the fixed stars surpassed it in splendor. After that it steadily decreased, until it became almost invisible to the naked eye, and was described as of the sixth magnitude. It is now again increasing. But the nebula immediately surrounding it undergoes precisely converse changes; when the star is most brilliant, the nebula near it is dim to the point of invisibility; when the star is faintest, the nebula attains its utmost brightness. The spectroscopic, recently applied to the now growing star, shows conclusively that it is surrounded with blazing hydrogen, other gases also giving evidence of their presence. In short, it is a star in flames. Should the identity of nebulae and the solar corona be established by these observations on Eta Argus, the discovery may mark a new era in astronomy, and substitute positive knowledge for hypothesis as to the growth and decadence of worlds.

The next transit of Venus across the sun's disk will take place on December 8, 1874: the last was on June 3, 1799. In the century which

has since elapsed, the methods and instruments of observation have been so greatly improved that modern astronomy may be regarded as now about to have its first opportunity of studying one of the most significant and fruitful events that ever recur in the heavens. The vexed question of the distance of the sun from the earth will, it is hoped, be settled more accurately than ever before by the next transit. The English Government will expend more than fifty thousand dollars in expeditions to favorable points in the Southern Hemisphere for observing this transit.

Darwin and Agassiz, and still more their respective disciples, represent two opposite doctrines in regard to the origin of animal species. The first sustains the idea that a gradual development from inferior to superior species took place, so that in the beginning only inferior species of animals existed, which, by change of circumstances, gradually developed into others, among which there were some of inferior, others of a superior type; while the original races, of which the fossil remains prove the existence, disappeared. The doctrine of Agassiz is, that every species had its separate progenitors, especially created to propagate their own species unchanged; that even the human race had at least five progenitors—one pair for the negroes, one pair for the whites, etc. Neither of these theories, according to the general acceptance of the word, is "orthodox."

On the 25th of December last, a large aërolite fell to the east of the town of Mourzouk (Fezzan). In its passage through the heavens, it resembled an immense globe of fire, emitting innumerable sparks, and was accompanied by a rumbling noise like distant thunder. It has been dug out of the sands where it descended, unbroken, and will be sent to Constantinople. Its weight is about five thousand pounds.

Costenoble, the Jena publisher, has just issued a map prepared by Dr. William Hanner, of the Austrian Agricultural Department, showing all the wine-growing districts of Europe and the Madeira Islands, with the climates, kinds, qualities, and amounts of wine produced by each, and other valuable information.

The Boston Society of Natural History offers prizes of from fifty to a hundred dollars, from the bequest of Dr. William J. Walker, for the best essays sent to the society, addressed "For the Committee on the Walker Prizes," before April 1, 1871, "on the mode of the natural distribution of plants over the earth."

Miscellany.

English Bull-races.

IN an early volume of the *Northampton (Eng.) Mercury*, there occurs the following notice to the good people of the town and vicinage:

"On Tuesday in Whitsun week, being the 36th of May, 1734, will be run for, from the gate of William Thurstby, Esquire, leading into Wellingsborough-road, down Abington-street, to the Pump on Cornmarket-hill, in Northampton, a plate of £5 value, by any bull, cow, or bullock, of any age or size whatsoever, that never won the value of £5 in money or plate."

From this last stipulation, or condition of entry, it is clear that such races were not uncommon. The advertisement then proceeds:

"Each rider to have boots and spurs, with a goad of the usual size. Every bull, etc., to pay one shilling entrance, which is to be given to the second best bull, etc."

The riders or jockeys must have had a rough time of it on their unwieldy steeds; but they, at least, had no society's officers to fear if they used their spurs and goads. It was also a "selling race," for, says the notice:

"The winning beast to be sold for £30 (if desired) by the subscribers. They are to start at the gate above mentioned at five o'clock in the afternoon. If any disputes arise, to be decided by the majority of the subscribers then present."

The sight must have been very curious and very amusing, as the bulls came careering through the open fields between the little village of Abington and the town of Northampton. Damage, however, was done to the crops—probably the bulls could not be kept in the proper course; and we find afterward a second advertisement to the effect that—

"Complaints having been made that great Damage will be done to the Corn by the Bulls, etc., starting at the Gate of William Thurstby, Esq., it is ordered . . . that the Bulls, etc., are to start from the Bridge near Smallbrook Spring, run down Abington-street, into Northampton, and end at the Pump on the Cornmarket-hill."

To which notice, in the interest of good sport, is appended the condition:

"No less than Four to start for the Plate."

These races appear to have been usually run at holiday times, and doubtless a great concourse of holiday-makers assembled to witness them.

Private Life of the Pope.

After his private devotion, he says or attends mass. If he hears it he communicates, and in either case spends half an hour in thanksgiving. His breakfast follows, generally half a cup of chocolate, and half a cup of coffee mingled. A French roll accompanies this, and it concludes with a glass of lemonade. He then gives private audience to the premier and cabinet, or goes out to some church in state. He dines at one. His bill of fare is generally soup, an *entrée*, a plate of vegetables, a roast, and salad; occasionally a little game, some pastry, of which he is very fond, especially clotted cream, and a cup of coffee. Those who like *minutiae*, may be informed that he cuts his meat up all at once, and then uses a fork and a piece of bread; that he does not disdain the comfortable but inelegant mode of picking a bone by holding it in finger and thumb; and that he is very particular that his salad should have a crust rubbed with garlic in it. His beverage is Monte Fiascone or Viterbo wine. He takes a *siesta* after dinner, then rides out, stopping on the way to visit some church. He has a slight collation at eight, and retires at ten. He keeps all the canonical fasts and Lent with more strictness than the generality of the clergy. He is fond of a joke, and fancies he can make one. He is vain, but harmlessly so. The ruling passion of his life is devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He calls her "*Madre mia*." He has a reliquary with an exquisite painting of the Madonna on the obverse side. This he kisses devoutly, and lays on the heads of particular friends, as the peasant presses the bronze toes of the ex-Jupiter Tonans in St. Peter's to his forehead.

What the Philosophers said.

A metaphysician called Reid,
Had found a queer notion indeed:
He believed what he saw,
So he found a NEW LAW!
This metaphysician called Reid.

There was a philosopher, Grove,
Who said heat didn't come from the stove;
But gave his devotion
To heat as a motion—
This contradictory old philosopher Grove.

There was a philosopher, Mill;
When they said, "Twice two's four," he said, "Still,
Perhaps up in heaven
It makes six or seven—"
This abnormal philosopher, Mill.

English Guineas.

It is among the things generally known that the guinea obtained its name from the gold of which it was made having been brought from the Guinea coast by the African company of traders. The first notice of this gold was in 1649, during the Commonwealth of England, when, on the 14th of April of that year, the Parliament referred to the Council of State a paper presented to the House, concerning the coinage of gold brought in a ship lately come from *Guinea*, for the better advancing of trade. But it was in the reign of Charles II. that the name was first given to this coin. It is among things not generally known, that when the guinea was originally coined, the intention was to make it current as a twenty-shilling piece; but from an error, or rather a series of errors, in calculating the exact proportions of the value of gold and silver, it never circulated for that value. Sir Isaac Newton, in his time, fixed the true value of the guinea, in relation to silver, at twenty shillings and eight pence, and by his advice the crown proclaimed that for the future it should be current at twenty-one shillings. A curious question arises out of the fact alluded to: how many millions of money has the English public lost by the payment of a guinea when a twenty-shilling piece would have sufficed had the costly error never been fallen into?

Habits of Immanuel Kant.

The greatest philosopher of Germany, the illustrious Kant, could not begin his philosophic meditations without having first contemplated the ancient castle of Königsberg, and drawn his inspiration from the impressions of the surrounding country. Once, however, he decided upon absenting himself upon a journey of several months' duration, during which his labors were necessarily interrupted; but what was his disappointment, on his return, to find that the beautiful prospect, which formed the charm of his cabinet, and constituted the secret of his learned meditations, no longer existed! A screen of poplar-trees, rising from a garden in front, had developed themselves so well in that short space of time that they completely closed out the view of Königsberg Castle, and the genius of Kant remained paralyzed until the owner of the garden kindly consented to cut the tops off the poplars, and restore to Kant's eyes the familiar spectacle of the owl-frequented turrets. Like many other philosophers, the details of his every-day life were marked by peculiar habits. He could neither study nor write in anybody's presence

nor could he dine alone. One or more guests were indispensable to grace his evening board; if any of his friends disappointed him by failing to keep their appointment, he, without hesitation, summoned strangers from the street to share his hospitality. At breakfast, his habit was quite the contrary, as he preferred then to be alone, and continued writing while taking his tea. An intimate friend of his, ignorant of this peculiarity, dropped in upon him at breakfast, but, instead of the usual hearty welcome, met with a cold although polite reception, had his tea sent into a separate room, and heard the key turn softly in the lock, as Kant made good his retreat.

That.

Now, *that* is a word that may often be joined,
For *that* that may be doubled is clear to the mind;
And *that that* is right, is as plain to the view
As *that that that* that we use, is rightly used too,
And *that that that that* that line has in it is right—
In accordance with grammar—is plain in our sight.

Varieties.

THIS evangelical anecdote is told by Dr. Ray Palmer: A Western mother told him that her son, whom she had advised to unite with the church, had a difficulty. "I don't see, mother, the great merit in Christ's dying for us. If I could save a dozen men by dying for them, I think I would; much more, if there were millions of them. "But, my son, would you die for a dozen grasshoppers?" That set him thinking. After a few days, he came to her with his doubts cleared. "I don't know about the grasshoppers; they are a pretty clever kind of bug. But, if it were millions of mosquitoes, I think I should let them die!"

The late Rev. Dr. Bethune once entered the crowded cabin of a Brooklyn ferry-boat, and, while looking about for a seat, suddenly heard himself addressed by name. Turning round, he found a man standing, who said: "Doctor, take my seat; it is an honor to give such a man a seat. Ever since I heard of that big church in New York trying to get you away by giving a call of five thousand dollars, and you said you'd see 'em d—d first, I have had a great respect for you, and I think it an honor to give you a seat!"

Rev. Albert Barnes says: "The world is becoming better every year, every month, every day. In its progress society takes hold of all that is valuable, or that constitutes real improvement, and will not let it die. That which is worthless is superseded by that which is useful; that which is injurious and wrong is dropped by the way; that which goes permanently into the good order of the world alone is maintained; and Christianity never had so firm a hold on the intelligent faith of mankind as it has now."

One of the fashionable women of Berlin and her two daughters having been taken seriously ill at a ball, the physician discovered that a green tarlatan worn by them contained arsenic. The shopkeeper who sold the article was accordingly put on his trial for "manslaughter." On proving, however, that he had cautioned the ladies in regard to the poisonous nature of the beautiful green color, he was acquitted.

Abraham Lincoln used to say the best story he ever read of himself was this: Two Quakeresses were travelling on the railroad, and were discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." "And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes; but the Lord will think Abraham is joking!" the first replied, conclusively.

The dowry of Mademoiselle Bourruet-Aubertot, whose marriage contract with Napoleon's minister of fine arts, M. Maurice Richard, was signed April 6th, amounts to exactly one million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven francs. Why did papa stop just three francs short of the two millions?

A rich American died about a month ago in Paris, of the effects of abuse of tobacco. He is said to have frequently consumed as many as forty (!) cigars a day. By his will he leaves his children millions, and strictly prohibits them from smoking.

Four hundred and forty thousand shooting-permits are delivered annually in France, which, at twenty-five francs each, make an aggregate of two million two hundred thousand dollars. The number of hunters is a million and a half.

A sitting-room, two or three bedrooms, with use of kitchen without attendance, can be obtained at Brussels for twenty to twenty-five dollars a month; a servant to cook and attend for five dollars; a servant merely to do the house-work can be got for three dollars.

In defence of the antiquity of female suffrage it is urged that Shakespeare describes how—

"The imperial votress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free."

It is said that a professor of natural science in one of our colleges used annually to astonish the students in natural philosophy by remarking, when the time came for assigning a certain portion of the textbook: "The class may go to Thunder."

MODERN COURTSHIP.

Clara, I love but thee alone
(Thus sighed the tender youth);
Oh, hear me, then, my passion own,
With trembling lips, in earnest tone;
Indeed, I speak the truth.
He paused, the blush o'erspread her cheek;
She let him draw her near;
Scarce for emotion could she speak,
Yet still she asks in accents meek,
How much he had a year.

A quarrel on the Boulevards terminated thus, one day recently, to the amusement of the spectators: "Monsieur, you shall give me satisfaction." Reply (amid a peal of laughter): "Monsieur, I cannot; I am a member of the Society for Protecting Animals."

The fare on the London horse-railways is one penny a mile. The cars are made to convey twenty-eight passengers on the outside and twenty-two inside, and are very elegant.

London and Paris have at present about twice as many inhabitants as in 1832, while Berlin has more than doubled its population in the past thirty-eight years.

While Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing lately, a youth cried out, "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the reply; "but your mother had a little jackass!"

Sydney Smith used to object to written sermons on the ground that indignation a week old had no effect.

The five great evils of life are said to be standing collars, stove-pipe hats, tight boots, bad whiskey, and cross women.

In England the judges get from six thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year.

The Irish Episcopal Church has substituted the word "presbyter" for "priest."

Mr. Spurgeon's church, in London, owns four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property.

San Francisco has letter-carriers, but the dogs in front-door yards are so excitable they can't deliver many letters.

Parisian gourmands ate two thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight horses last year.

You may sometimes stir a fire with an umbrella, but you can never keep the rain off with a poker.

A farmer gathers what he sows, while a seamstress sews what she gathers.

There are one hundred and forty-six different religious denominations in Great Britain.

The Museum.

OUR illustration this week is an imaginary view of the geological period known as the Silurian—the first era, according to the geologists, in which animal and vegetable life existed. The earth is assumed, in the science of geology, to have been originally in a state of super-heated vapor, which, after long-succeeding ages, gradually cooled down to a fluid, solidifying externally as the process of cooling advanced, but leaving a seething molten mass within.

Geologists picture the molten globe as, while a fluid, affected by the sun and moon, exactly as the sea is now affected, so that a uniform tidal-wave swept round and round. When a crust was formed, this wave continually upheaved, cracked, and shattered it, and still the work of cooling progressed, and the heavier substances having been precipitated, the more volatile commenced to condense, and the first rain fell—a boiling shower—only striking the heated surface to rise again as steam, and then, condensed, to fall again, until the surface was cool enough to permit it to remain as water, with which the whole earth was covered. The tidal-wave within, in its ceaseless surging; now throws up reefs and bare, isolated-peaks; and then, the light breaking through the dense and vapory atmosphere, the earth is ready for the lowest forms of life. This is

the Silurian period, an ideal view of which is herewith presented. The animals most frequently found in the rocks of this formation are crustaceans, whose representatives in our days are lobsters, crabs, and shrimps, not that they looked at all like them, for the trilobite, the most common, was a curious animal, some three or four inches in length, with eyes protruding, immovable, and many-faced, so as to look in all directions. The head presented the appearance of an oval buckler, the mouth was

underneath, and the body consisted of a series of joints, or rings, like the tail of a lobster, and the whole shell formed a closely-jointed suit of armor. The earliest traces of vegetation were flowerless plants, having neither leaves nor stems. The name Silurian was given to this period by Sir Roderick Murchison, because the rocks composing it are found in very large quantities in that region of England and Wales once inhabited by a tribe called the Silures.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Silurian Period.

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NOTICE.

"RALPH THE HEIR," by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, is now publishing in APPLETONS' JOURNAL. It appears in *Supplements*, once a month, the first issued being with Number FORTY-THREE.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," by CHARLES DICKENS, is also now publishing in this JOURNAL, each monthly part, as published in England, *issued with one number of the JOURNAL complete*. Part First appeared with Journal No. 56.

"THE THREE BROTHERS," so far as printed in the JOURNAL up to Jan. 1st, has been published in pamphlet-form, and will be mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of thirty cents.

"THE LADY OF THE ICE," by JAMES DE MILLE, was commenced in Number Fifty-three of the JOURNAL, and will be completed in thirteen numbers.

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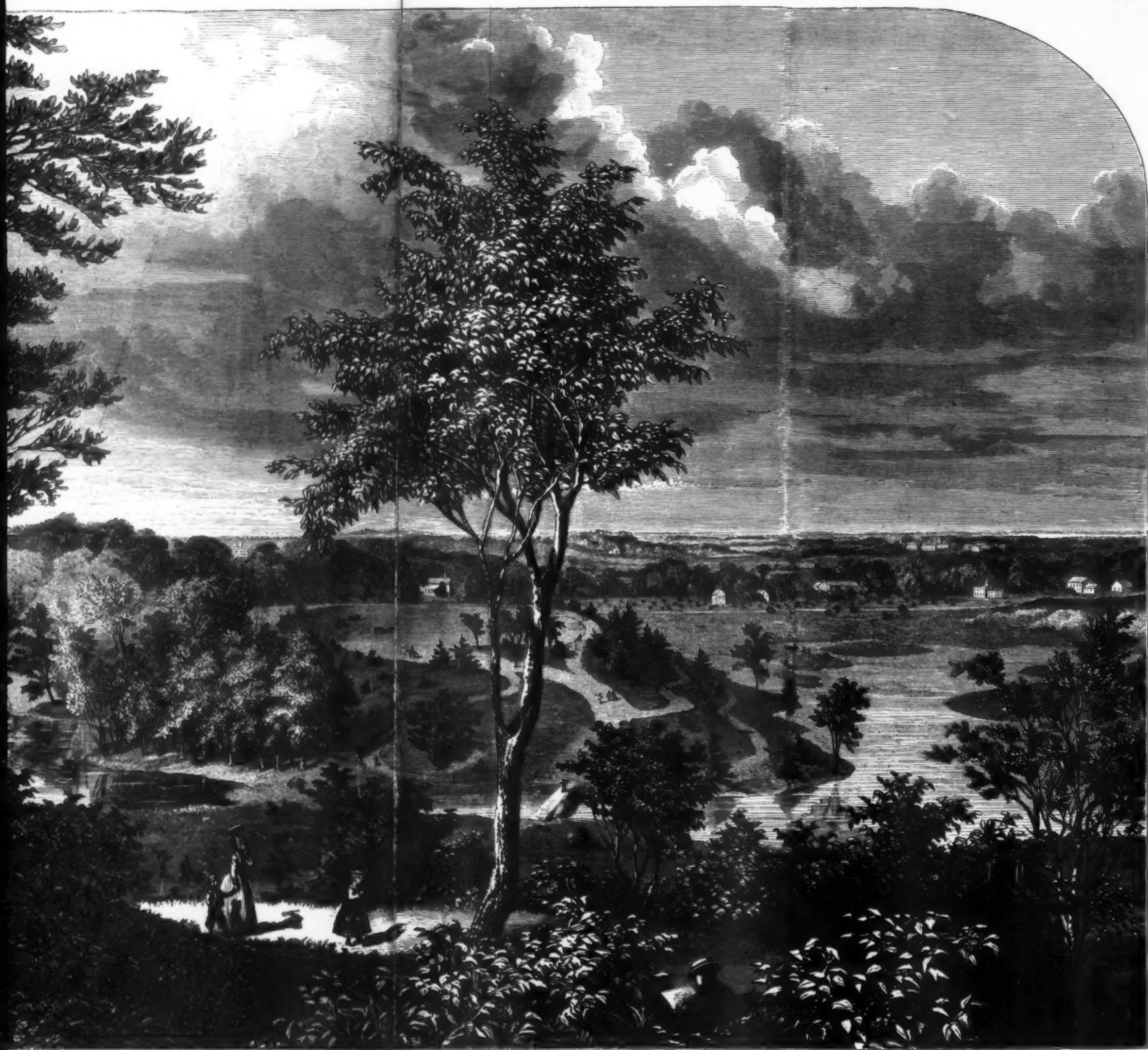
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